

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

NO. 216.]

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1873.

[VOL. IX.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCES ELLIOT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE LAST OF THE VALOIS.

We are at Saint-Cloud. The time, the wars of the League. At the head of the Leaguers is the Duc de Mayenne, only and shows himself almost a hero. They are both defending the crown to which Mayenne aspires. Eight months have

he has called a heretic into his councils. The royal troops are lying encamped among the hilly woodlands of the park



Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrees—Page 614.

living brother of the Guises. Henry III. commands the royal forces, and with him is Henry of Navarre. Since the queen-mother's death, the King of France has become reconciled to his brother-in-law,

passed since the murder of the Balafré. That treacherous deed has done the king no good; Mayenne lives to revenge his brother's death, and the Catholic party is still more alienated from the king since

toward Ville d'Avray and Meudon, then, as now, pleasant to the eye.

On the 1st of August, 1589, Henry sat in the long gallery of the palace (until lately lined with pictures and gorgeously

decorated), playing at cards with his attendants. He holds himself so upright, that he moves neither his head nor his feet, and his hands as little as possible. A hood hangs upon his shoulders; a little cap, with a flower stuck in it, is placed over one ear; round his neck, suspended over a broad blue ribbon, is a basket of gold wicker-work, full of little puppies.

Monsieur d'O, Seigneur of Fiesnes and Maillebois, first gentleman of the bedchamber, and Governor of Paris, has been joking him about the predictions of an astrologer, named Osman, who has arrived that evening at Saint-Cloud in company with some noblemen.

"By our ladye-mother! let us have him in and hear what he can say," cries the king. "These fellows are diverting. I will question him myself."

Osman is sent for; but startled at so sudden and unexpected an interview with the king, himself in such a whimsical attire, scarcely knows how to reply to the gibes his majesty addressed to him.

"Come, come," says the king; "let us hear what you can do. They tell me you draw horoscopes. Let me have a specimen of your skill."

"Sire," replies Osman, somewhat recovered from his confusion, "I will obey you; but, as sure as fate, the heavens this night are unpropitious. The light of the moon is veiled; there are signs of mourning among the stars; lamentations and woe are written in the planets; a great misfortune hangs over us—be ware!"

"By St.-Denis!" cries the king, "the fellow is glib enough with his tongue; but tell me, good heathen, are the stars in mourning for a king or for an emperor?"

"Sire, they mourn over the approaching extinction of your race."

"Heaven preserve us!" answers the king, with affected consternation, caressing his puppies. "But tell me now, if you have any knowledge, what do the celestial powers think of our accursed rebels, the Leaguers, and their chief, the Duc de Mayenne? Is that bold traitor in favor among the stars?"

Osman does not at once reply; but, advancing to the window, throws open the sash, and silently observes the heavens.

"Sire, I see one star shining brightly in the firmament."

"Where?" asks the king.

"Just over the camp of Meudon, where Henry of Navarre lies this night. But look, your majesty, at that other star there over the woods. It blazes for a moment; and now, see—it falls; it has disappeared behind the palace!"

"By the Mother of God!" says the king, reddening either with terror or passion, "I have had enough of this gibberish. Hark ye, you wandering Jew!"

no more of these ugly portents, or, by St.-Louis, the guardian of our race, we will hold you warrant for all that may happen to our person."

Osman shrunk back from the window, trembling with fright. He does not wait for permission to depart, but, as the king rises to address some gentlemen, he glides from the gallery.

"If ever I heard a voice hoarse with blood, it is his," mutters the astrologer, pointing to the king as he crept away. "By the brightness of the celestial bodies, there will be evil this night. I will never draw horoscope more, if to-morrow's sun finds Henry of Valois alive. There is blood on him, but he sees it not. His star has fallen, he beheld it; but he understood not the portent."

As Osman crosses the circular hall opening from the gallery and leading to the principal staircase, he meets the Comte d'Auvergne* conversing with a Dominican monk, whose sinister countenance expressed every evil passion. A crowd of attendants had assembled and are listening to the conversation.

"Good father," says M. d'Auvergne, addressing the Dominican, "you must not, at this late hour, insist on seeing his majesty; he is engaged."

"But, indeed, monseigneur, I do insist upon seeing him without a moment's delay, and alone. It is a matter of life and death." The monk's bold words and determined bearing evidently impress M. d'Auvergne in his favor.

"Are you the bearer of any dispatches for his majesty?" he asks. "Those might be delivered, although his majesty has just retired, and is at this moment in his oratory, busy with his devotions."

As he spoke, d'Auvergne scans him curiously; the monk perceives the look, draws his cowl closer over his face, and withdraws from the full glare of the lights on the staircase.

"I am the bearer of letters of the greatest importance, monseigneur—letters from the President Harlay, now a prisoner of the League; but I am charged to deliver them in person, and into the hands of his majesty alone. Nor is that all; I have a secret communication to make, which it behooves the king to hear without delay.—Good gentlemen," and he faces round to the courtiers who are gathered about him, "I pray you, one of you, go to the king and tell him what I say."

"Impossible," replies the Count d'O, who came from the gallery at that moment, and hears the last few words; "impossible. His majesty is now alone; I have just left him. He is fatigued, and desired not to be disturbed."

"Good God!" cries the monk, clasping

ing his hands; "if I do not see him to-night, I shall never see him."

"And why not, I pray?" asks the Comte d'Auvergne. "Come and sup with my people to-night; and to-morrow, as early as you please, I will take you to his majesty. Follow me."

"I wash my hands of all the evil this delay will cause," exclaims the monk, following him reluctantly. "On your head be it, monseigneur." They quitted the hall together.

All this time Osman had stood near watching them. He had not lost a syllable of the conversation. "Did I not say there was blood?" he mutters, half aloud; "is it not true? The knowledge of it came to me in a vision. Now I have read it also in the stars. The blood of the king is on that monk. His robes are spotted with it. In his hand, while he spoke, there was a dagger. None else beheld it; but I saw it, and the point streamed with the king's life-blood. Woe! woe! woe! Would that I could speak! Would that they would listen! Before many hours, death will be within these walls. Alas! it is given to me to avert it, if they would hear me."

The astrologer slowly follows the steps of the Comte d'Auvergne and the Dominican, descending the stairs after them. They enter a suite of rooms on the ground-floor of the palace. The monk had now thrown back his cowl and displayed a face yet young, but seamed and wrinkled with deep lines. His eyes are dull and bloodshot; his thin hair scarcely shades his projecting forehead. He stands in the centre of the apartment, silent, sullen, and preoccupied.

"What is your name?" asks the count, sternly, turning toward him.

"Jacques Clément," is the short rejoinder.

"You say you are the bearer of letters to the king?"

"Yes," replies he; "from Monsieur de Brienne and the President Harlay, now both prisoners in the Bastile. There is my passport; you see it is signed by Monsieur de Brienne."

"Show me the president's letter," says d'Auvergne; "his writing is as familiar to me as my own. If you are a spy, you will meet with no mercy here," and he measured him from head to foot, with eyes full of doubt and suspicion.

The monk draws forth a parcel of unsealed letters, which the count reads and examines.

"It is well," he says. "These are proofs that you are a messenger from the king's friends. But how did you, carrying such dangerous credentials, contrive to pass the gates of Paris? Answer me that, my father."

"My habit protected me," replies the monk, devoutly crossing himself; "our Blessed Lady gave me courage and ad-

* Comte d'Anvergne, son of Charles IX. by Marie Toucher, illegitimate nephew of Henry III., and half-brother of Henriette d'Entragues.

dress to escape from those Philistines. Once past the gates, I came here in company with Monsieur de la Guesle's people."

"You say, then, that you will answer with your head that two gates of Paris will open to the king if he advances?"

"I swear before God that this is the truth," replies the monk, again crossing himself; "and my God is not that false one worshipped by the Huguenot dogs under Henry of Navarre, but the true God of the Holy Catholic Church. Let the king trust to his loyal Catholic subjects, and beware of the heretics that are in his council and among his troops." And the monk scowls around. His eyes meet those of Osman, the astrologer, which are fixed on him with the intensity of a cat ready to spring. Jacques Clément trembles. For an instant his courage forsakes him and he turns pale.

"Well, father," says d'Auvergne, laughing, "you are true to your trade—a steady Catholic. We understand; you can smell a heretic a mile off, I'll be sworn."

The monk makes no reply, and to avoid further discussion turns to a table on which supper is spread, and, sitting down, begins to eat.

The Attorney-General de la Guesle, having been told of the arrival of a mysterious monk, enters the room, and confirms what he had said of their meeting outside the gates of Paris.

The Comte d'Auvergne, after scrutinizing Jacques Clément for some minutes, turns aside to Monsieur de la Guesle, and whispers:

"I do not know why, but I have a strange suspicion of that fellow. All he says seems fair enough, and his papers are properly signed; but there is something about his dark, sinister face and surly answers that alarms me."

Osman, seeing them converse apart, advances eagerly from the bottom of the room, and addresses them in a low voice: "If monseigneur will only listen to me, he will not admit this monk within a hundred miles of his majesty. The stars, count, are—"

"Confound the stars!" interrupts Monsieur de la Guesle. "Do you take us for a parcel of fools? Go prate elsewhere."

The noblemen seat themselves at the upper end of the supper-table. The Comte d'Auvergne, Monsieur de la Guesle, and other gentlemen, are served by an old valet, who, after pouring out the wine all round, stands behind the chair of his master the count. His eyes are fixed on Jacques Clément, who had drawn forth from the folds of his sleeve a large dagger, with which he cuts up his meat.

"May it please, monseigneur," the valet whispers into the count's ear, "the reverend father knows how to travel in

these stormy times. He has not forgotten to bring a goodly dagger with him; though perhaps the breviary, being less useful, is forgotten."

"Not so, brother," answers the monk, who, overhearing his whisper, draws out a missal from his bosom; "I never travel without the one and the other—defences for the body and the soul—whichever may most need it."

But the garrulous old servant, once set talking, is not to be silenced. He begins a long account, in a low voice, addressed to the count, of how the monk, on arriving, had entertained him and his fellows in the court-yard with a history of the death of Holofernes the tyrant, by the hands of a Jewish maiden, Judith, the savior of her country.

"A bloody tale, forsooth," says M. de la Guesle, eying the monk.

"Ay, blood, blood!" mutters Osman, who is seated below the salt, next the Comte d'Auvergne. "See you not, my lord," he continues, half-aloud, to the count, holding up his hand warningly, "that this monk is a mad fanatic? Admit him to no speech with the king, I entreat you; he is mad, monseigneur."

"Oh," answers the count, in a low voice; "I will watch over his majesty. As the bearer of letters of importance, I cannot refuse him an audience; but I will answer that no mischief comes of the meeting."

Soon after, supper being ended, the party separates. The monk is conducted to a bed; and Osman, heaving many heavy sighs, retires to the room appropriated to him, where he consults the stars, until the dawn of day obliterates them and ends his labor.

The next day is the 2d of August, and the king, who has been informed of the arrival of a monk with letters overnight, commands his early attendance in his bedchamber. The Comte d'Auvergne conducts Jacques Clément into the presence of Henry, who sits in an arm-chair, only partially dressed, close to the bed. As the communication is to be private, the king signs to d'Auvergne, Clermont, and the other attendants present, to retire to the farther end of the room; then stretches out his hand to receive the packet from Jacques Clément, who, in presenting it, bows his head, and stands motionless, his arms crossed on his breast.

As Henry's attention is absorbed and his eyes are bent upon the page, Jacques Clément suddenly draws out the dagger he carried concealed in his sleeve, springs forward, and plunges it up to the hilt in the king's abdomen.

"Help!" groans the king, with difficulty plucking out the weapon and flinging it on the floor. "Help! the wretch has stabbed me. I am killed—kill him!"

D'Auvergne rushes forward. The

pages and gentlemen in attendance, the guards outside, and Monsieur de la Guesle, who is waiting for an audience, all burst into the room.

The king is lying back in the arm-chair; a pool of blood stains the floor, from a deep wound; Jacques Clément still stands immovable before him. Swords flash in the air; some fly to support the dying monarch, some to raise an alarm over the palace; others, transported with fury, fall upon the monk, who offers no resistance. He is speedily dispatched. Osman, hearing the uproar, enters.

"What!" cries he; "is the king dead?"

"Not quite," is the reply.

"Who did it?"

"Jacques Clément."

"Sainte-Marie!" groans the astrologer, wringing his hands; "why did you not listen to me? This would never have happened. Did I not say there was blood on that monk? Did I not say that the star of the house of Valois had fallen? Alas! alas! If you had but heeded my words!"

At this moment, M. d'O and the Comte d'Auvergne leave the king's room to send for a surgeon.

"Why did you kill the assassin? We might have tortured him, and discovered his accomplices," says M. d'O, while they await the messenger whom they had dispatched.

"I did not kill him," answered the Comte d'Auvergne. "The king was seated when he entered, and, taking the wretch's papers in his hands, was busy reading them. M. Clermont and I were present, but had retired a little to leave his majesty more at liberty. As he rose from his seat and was addressing the monk, the traitor drew a dagger from his sleeve and plunged it into the king's stomach. The king cried out, 'Kill him—he has killed me!' and, drawing forth the dagger from the wound, gave two or three cuts at the assassin, and then fell. We rushed to his aid, and smote the fellow, who was unharmed, right and left. At the noise, the doors burst open, and the gentlemen and pages in their rage finished him with a hundred blows. Seeing that he was dead, I ordered him to be stripped and thrown out of the window, in order to be recognized if possible."

"What does it matter who recognizes him?" answers M. d'O. "Have the papers that he showed the king disappeared also?"

Before the count could reply, the surgeon appears. He desires that every one shall be turned out of the king's bedroom while he examines him. He pronounces the wound mortal; the dagger was poisoned. Henry, after great anguish, expires in a few hours. The letters were forgeries. The body of Jacques Clément, having first been drawn by four

horses through the streets of Saint-Cloud, is burned by the common hangman. He is much lauded, however, at Rome, where Urban VII. reigns as pontiff; at Paris his effigy is placed upon the altars beside the Host.

Meanwhile, the King of Navarre is within his quarters at Meudon. His minister Sully lodges a little way down the hill, in the house of a man called Sauvat. Sully is just sitting down to supper, when his secretary enters and desires him to go instantly to his master.

Henry of Navarre tells him that an express has arrived from Saint-Cloud, and that the king is already dead, or dying. "Sully," he says, "for what I know, I may be at this very instant King of France. Yet, who will support me? Half my army will desert if Henry be really dead. Not a prince of the blood, not a minister, will stand by me. I am here, as it were, in the midst of an enemy's country, with but a handful of followers. What is to be done?"

"Stay where you are, sire, is my advice," answers Sully. "If you are indeed now King of France, remain with such as are faithful to you. A monarch should never fly. But let us go to Saint-Cloud and hear the truth."

"That is just what I desire," answers Henry. "We will start as soon as our horses are saddled."

As they enter the gates of Saint-Cloud, a man rushes by them, shouting, "The king is dead—the king is dead!" Henry reigned up his horse. The Swiss guard, posted round the château, perceive him. They throw down their arms and cast themselves at his feet. "Sire," they cry, "now you are our king and master, do not forsake us." Biron, the Duc de Bellegarde, the Comtes d'O, M. de Châteauvieux, and De Dampierre, come up; they all warmly salute Henry as their sovereign.

But the bonfires that already blaze in the streets of Paris at the news of the death of the king, warn Henry of Navarre that he must fight as many battles to gain the crown as he has already done to secure his personal liberty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DON JUAN.

THE wars of the League rage fiercer than ever. By the death of the last Valois, Henry III., Henry IV., a Bourbon, is King of France.* But he is only acknowledged by his Protestant subjects. To the Catholics he is but a rebel, and

* Henry IV. was the son of Antoine de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme, and of Jeanne d'Albret, only daughter of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, married to Marguerite d'Alençon, sister of Francis I., the widow of the Duc d'Alençon.

still only King of Navarre. The Duc de Mayenne (a Guise, brother of the Balafré), subsidized with money and troops by Spain, is the orthodox pretender to the throne. The capital, Paris, is with him. The two Henrys, reconciled after the death of Catherine de Medici, encamped with their respective forces at Saint-Cloud, were about to invest the city. But now Henry III. is dead. His successor, Henry of Navarre, weakened in influence, troops, and money, is forced to raise the siege and retire. Henry IV. had at this time but three thousand troops, while the army of Mayenne numbered thirty-two thousand men. Then came help from England. The victory of Ivry was gained, Henry again invested Paris, and encamped on the heights of Montmartre. It was now he uttered that characteristic *mot*: "I am like the true mother in the judgment of Solomon—I would rather not have Paris at all than see it torn to pieces."

At this time the fortune of war called the king in many places. He loved an adventurous life. Brave to a fault, he rode hither and thither like a knight-errant, regardless of his personal safety, accompanied only by a few attendants.

Although a warrior and a statesman, Henry was a true child of the mountains. Born under the shadow of the Pyrenees, he would as soon encamp under a hedge as lie on a bed of down; would rather eat dried ham, spiced with garlic, than dine sumptuously at Jarnet's Palace, at the Marais, or at "Le Petit More," the polite *traiteur* of that day; would quaff the *petit cru* of his native grape with more relish than the costliest wines from the vineyards of Champagne or Bordeaux. Henry was not born upon the banks of the Garonne, but a more thorough Gascon never lived—his hand upon his sword, his foot in the stirrup, his gun slung across his shoulder, the first in assault, the last in retreat, ready to slay the wild-boar of his native forests, or, lute in hand, to twang a roundelay in honor of the first Dulcinea he encountered. Boastful, fearless, capricious; his versatility of accomplishments suited the changing aspects of the times. He was plain of speech, rough in manner, with a quaint jest alike for friend or foe; irregular in his habits, eating at no stated times, but when hungry voraciously devouring every thing that pleased him, especially fruit and oysters; negligent, not to say dirty, in his person, and smelling strong of garlic.

A man who called a spade a spade, swore like a trooper, and hated the parade of courts; was constant in friendship, fickle in love, promised any thing freely, especially marriage, to any beauty who caught his eye; a boon companion among men, a libertine with women, a story-teller, cynical in his careless epicureanism, and so profound a believer in "the way of

fate," that, reckless of the morrow, he extracted all things from the passing hour.

He is now thirty-three years old, of middle height, broad-shouldered, and coarsely made. His swarthy skin is darkened by constant exposure; he looks battered, wrinkled, and dissipated. His long nose overhangs his grizzly mustache, and a mocking expression lurks in the corners of his mouth. The fire of his eyes is unquenched, and the habit of command is stamped on every motion.

He is with his army at Mantes. It is evening; he is surrounded by a few friends, and from talk of war the conversation turns to women. The Duc de Bellegarde, captain of light horse, the close friend and constant companion of the king, sits beside him. He has a noble presence, is supple, graceful, gentle in speech, and generous in nature.

Bellegarde speaks boastingly of the beauty of a certain lady whom he is engaged to marry, Gabrielle d'Estrées, daughter of the Marquis d'Estrées.

"*Cap de Dieu!*" exclaims Henry, after listening to Bellegarde in silence; "I have heard of the lady, one of the daughters of our brave general of artillery, Antoine d'Estrées; but I will back my bewitching Abbess of Montmartre, Marie de Beauvilliers, against your Gabrielle."

"Not if your majesty saw her, believe me," replies Bellegarde, warmly.

"You are a boaster, Bellegarde. You dare not produce your paragon."

"On the contrary, sire, I only desire that Mademoiselle d'Estrées should be seen, for then alone she can be appreciated."

"Say you so, Bellegarde? That is fair; will you bet a thousand crowns on Gabrielle against Marie?"

"I accept, sire; but how can we decide?"

"You see the lady. It is easily managed. Do you visit her often?"

"Your majesty seemingly forgets I am engaged to marry her."

"I understand. Now, Bellegarde, I forbid you, as your sovereign and master, to see this fair lady, except in my company. *Par Dieu!* I will refuse you leave of absence."

Bellegarde's heart misgave him. The king's vehemence alarms him. He saw too late the mistake that he has made.

"Now, Bellegarde, don't look like a doctor of the Sorbonne in a fix; Mademoiselle d'Estrées will not object if I go in your company?"

"Your majesty must consider that I have no excuse for introducing you," replies he, with some hesitation. "Besides, consider, sire, the roads are unsafe and skirmishers are abroad."

"Tut! tut! man; when did I ever care for that when a fair lady was in the

way? I insist upon going, or you shall not either. Both or none. Listen how it shall be managed. I will disguise myself as—well, let me see—a Spaniard; no one will suspect me in that character. You shall introduce me as an Hidalgo, Don Juan, we will say," and a wicked leer lights up his countenance. "Don Juan, your prisoner—taken in a *mélée*, now on parole; and my poor Chicot* shall go with us too for company."

Gabrielle was then living at the paternal Castle of Cœuvres, which stood on a wooden height between Soissons and Laon, with her father and her sisters. She was passionately attached to the seductive Bellegarde, and anticipated their speedy union with all imaginable happiness.

One evening, while she was indulging in those agreeable musings proper to the state called "being in love," Bellegarde was abruptly announced. He was accompanied by two gentlemen: one, short in stature, with a comical expression of countenance, was introduced as Monsieur Chicot; the other, by name "Don Juan," neither tall nor short, but with very broad shoulders, had grayish hair, highly-colored cheeks, a swarthy skin, and was remarkable for a prominent nose and exceedingly audacious eyes.

Gabrielle rose in haste and was about to fling her arms round Bellegarde, but, on seeing his two companions, she drew back, welcoming them all with a more formal courtesy.

Gabrielle was eighteen, tall, slim, and singularly graceful. The severity of her aquiline features was relieved by the bluest eyes and a most delicate pink-and-white complexion; webs of auburn hair flowed over her shoulders. She cast a curious glance at her lover's singular companions; she was surprised and vexed that Bellegarde had not come alone, and to find him cold and reserved. However, any shortcomings on his part were amply made up by the cordial accolade of the Spanish don, who extolled her beauty to her face, and, without asking permission, kissed her on the cheek.

Gabrielle's delicacy was hurt at this freedom; she reproached herself for the frankness with which she had received strangers, believing them to be friends of her lover. Casting a helpless glance at him, she looked down, blushed and retreated to a distant part of the room, where she seated herself.

"Pray, madame, excuse our friend," said Chicot, seeing the confusion of Ga-

brielle at such unexpected familiarity; "he is a Spaniard, only newly arrived in France; he is quite unacquainted with the usages of the country."

"By the mass!" cried Bellegarde, evidently ill at ease, and placing himself in front of his love, "Spaniard, indeed! I, for my part, know no country in the world where gentlemen are permitted, thus uninvented, to salute the ladies—at least, in civilized latitudes. It is well mademoiselle's father was not present."

His annoyance, however, was quite lost on the don, who, his eyes fixed in bold admiration on Gabrielle, did not heed it.

"Bellegarde," said Gabrielle, blushing to her forehead, seeing his deeply-offended look, "excuse this stranger, I entreat, for my sake; I am sure he meant no offence. Let not the joy I feel at seeing you be overcast by this little occurrence." And she rose, advanced to where he stood, looked fondly at him, and took his hand in both of hers.

This appeal was enough. Bellegarde, though anxious, was no longer angry, and, upon Gabrielle's invitation, the party seated themselves, Gabrielle placing herself beside Bellegarde.

"This gentleman, madame," said Chicot, turning toward Gabrielle, "whose admiration of you has led him to offend, is our prisoner; he surrendered to us yesterday in the *mélée* at Marly, and, his ransom paid, to-morrow morning he will start to join the army of the Duke of Parma. Though somewhat hot-headed and wilful, he is an excellent soldier; he knows how to behave in the battle-field, if his manners are otherwise too free;" and Chicot turned round his head and winked at Don Juan, who laughed.

"At least, gentlemen, now you are here," said Gabrielle, "by whatever chance—and the chance must be good that brings you to me" (and her blue eyes turned toward Bellegarde)—"you will partake of some refreshment. I beg you to do so in the name of Monsieur de Bellegarde, my affianced husband, my father being absent."

"Fair lady," said the Spaniard, breaking silence for the first time, and speaking in excellent French, "I never before rejoiced so much in being able to understand the French tongue as spoken by your dulcet voice; this is the happiest moment of my life, for it has introduced me to the fairest of your sex. I repeat it deliberately—the fairest of your sex;" and he looked significantly at Bellegarde. "I accept your invitation, readily. Were I fortunate enough to be your prisoner instead of the captain's, my ransom would never be paid, I warrant."

"*Cap de Dieu!*" exclaimed Chicot, grinning from ear to ear; "the Spanish dons well merit their reputation for gallantry; but our friend here, Don Juan,

outdoes them all, and, indeed, every one of his nation."

"Madame," broke in the Spaniard, very red in the face, and speaking with great vehemence, not appearing to hear this remark, and still addressing Gabrielle, on whom his eyes were riveted, "I declare if any one, be he noble or villein, knight or king, dare to say that any woman under God's sun surpasses you in beauty or grace, I declare him to be false and disloyal, and with fitting opportunity I will prove, in more than words, that he lies to the teeth."

"Come, come, my good friend," interrupted Bellegarde, much discomposed; "do not, I beseech you, go into these heroics; you will alarm this lady. If you heat yourself in this way, the night air will give you cold. Besides, remember, señor, this lady, Mademoiselle d'Estrees, is my affianced bride, and that certain conditions were made between us before I introduced you, which conditions you swore to observe;" and Bellegarde looked reproachfully at him.

Don Juan felt the implied reproof, and, for the first time since he had entered, moved his eyes to some other object than the smiling face of Gabrielle.

Her sisters now joined them. Although they much resembled her, and would have been comely in any other company, Gabrielle so far exceeded them as to throw them altogether into the shade. They were both immediately saluted with nearly equal warmth by the Spanish don, who evidently would not reform his manners in this particular. Like Gabrielle, they were quite abashed, and retreated to the farther side of the room.

"Let me tell you, ladies," said Chicot, advancing toward them, "if you were to see our friend, Don Juan, in a justaucorps of satin, and glittering with gold and precious stones, with a white panache in his velvet cap, you would not think he looked so much amiss. But are you going to give us nothing to eat? What has the don done that he is to be starved? Though he be a Spaniard, and serves against Henry of Navarre, he is a Christian, and has a stomach like any other."

On this hint, the whole party adjourned to the eating-room. Gabrielle carefully avoided the don, and kept close to Bellegarde, who looked the picture of misery. Her sisters clung to her, Chicot was bursting with ill-suppressed laughter, and the don was fully occupied in endeavoring to place himself beside Gabrielle, on whom his eyes were again intently fixed. At table, spite of Bellegarde's manœuvres, he contrived to place himself beside her. He ate and drank voraciously; perpetually proposed toasts in Gabrielle's honor, and confused her to such a degree, that she heartily repented having invited him to remain, particularly

* Chicot was a Gascon jester to Henry IV. His *spécialités* was intense hatred to the Duc de Mayenne, whom he constantly attempted to attack. During an engagement at Bures, he made prisoner the Comte de Chaligny, and carried him into Henry's presence. "Tiens!" said he; "this is my prisoner." Chaligny was so enraged at having been captured by a buffoon, that he poniarded Chicot on the spot.

as the annoyance of Bellegarde did not escape her. In this state of general misunderstanding, the merry Chicot again came to the rescue.

"Let us drink to the health of the King of France and Navarre!" cried he. "Come, Don Juan, forget your politics and join us; here's prosperity and success to our gallant Henry—long may he live!"

"This is a toast we must drink standing and in chorus," said Bellegarde, rising.

The Spaniard smiled.

"But why," observed Gabrielle, "does Don Juan bear arms against the King of France if he is his partisan?"

"Fair lady, your remark is just," replied the don; "but the fortune of war drives a soldier into many accidents; however, I only wish all France was as much the king's friend as I am."

Chicot now took up a lute which lay near, tried the strings, and, in a somewhat cracked voice, sang the following song, wagging his head and winking at the Spaniard as he did so:

"Vive Henri Quatre,
Vive ce roi vaillant;
Ce diable à quatre,
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d'être vert galant."

"Long live the king! Vive Henri Quatre!" was drunk, with all the honors, in a chorus of applause. The Spaniard wiped a tear from his eye and sat down without speaking.

"*Cap de Dieu!*" cried Chicot; "the right cause will triumph at last."

"Yes," replied Bellegarde; "sooner or later we shall see our brave king enter Paris and his noble palace of the Louvre in state; but meanwhile he must not fool away his time in follies and amours while the League is in strength."

"There you speak truth," said Chicot; "he is too much given to such games; he's a very Sardanapalus; and," continued he, squinting at the don with a most comical expression, "if report speak true, at this very moment his majesty is off on some adventure touching the rival beauty of certain ladies, to the manifest neglect of his crown and the ruin of his affairs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Gabrielle, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "if some second Agnes Sorel would but appear, and, making like her a noble use of the king's love and her influence, incite him to conquer himself, to forsake all follies, and to devote his great talents in fighting heart and soul against the rebels and the League!"

"Alas!" sighed Don Juan; "those were the early ages; such love as that is not to be found now—it is a dream, a fantasy. Henry will find no Agnes Sorel in these later days."

"Say not so, noble don," replied Gabrielle; "I, for my part, adore the king—I long to know him."

The Spaniard's eyes flashed, and Bellegarde started visibly.

"Love," continued Gabrielle, flushing with excitement, "love is of all times and of all seasons. True love is immortal. But I allow that it is rare, though not impossible, to excite such a passion."

"If it is a science to be learned, will you teach me, fair lady?" asked the Spaniard, tenderly.

At this turn in the conversation Bellegarde again became painfully agitated, and the subject dropped. The don now addressed his conversation to the sisters of Gabrielle, and at their request took up the lute and sang an improvised song with considerable taste, in a fine, manly voice, which gained for him loud applause all round. The words were these.

"Charmante Gabrielle,
Piercé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
A la suite de Mars,
Crainte départe.
Que ne suis-je sans vie
Ou sans amour?"

Gabrielle looked, perhaps, a trifle too much pleased at the somewhat free admiration expressed in these verses, and, spite of Bellegarde, approached the don to thank him after he had finished.

"Lady, did my song please you?" said he, softly, trying to kiss her hand. "If it had any merit, you inspired me."

"Yes," replied she, musingly. "You wished just now you were my prisoner. Had you been, I should long ago have freed you if you had sung to me like that, I am sure."

"And why?" asked he.

"Because you have something in your voice I should have feared to hear too often," said she, in a low voice, lest Bellegarde should hear her.

"Then in that case I would always have remained your voluntary captive, *ma belle*."

How long this conversation might have continued authorities do not state; but Bellegarde, now really displeased, approached the whispering pair, giving an indignant glance at Gabrielle and a look full of reproach at the don.

"Come, come, Don Juan!" said he. "It is time to go. Where are our horses? The day wears on; we shall scarce reach the camp ere sundown."

"*Ventre Saint Gris!*" said the Spaniard, starting up; "there is surely no need for such haste."

"Your promise!" muttered Bellegarde in his ear.

"Confound you, Bellegarde! You have introduced me into paradise, and now you drag me away just when the breath of heaven is warming me." Don Juan looked broken-hearted at being obliged to leave, and cast the most loving glances toward Gabrielle and her handsome sisters.

"I opine we ought never to have come at all," said Chicot, winking violently, and looking at Gabrielle, who with downcast eyes evidently regretted the necessity of the don's departure.

"*Mère de Dieu!*" muttered the latter to Bellegarde; "you are too hard thus to bind me to my cursed promise."

"Gabrielle," said Bellegarde, drawing her aside, and speaking in a low voice, "one kiss ere I go. You are my beloved—my other self, the soul of my soul. Adieu! This has been a miserable meeting. You have grieved me, love; but perhaps it is my own fault. I ought to have come alone. That Spaniard is disgusting"—Gabrielle turned her head away—"But I will soon return. In the mean time, a caution in your ear. If this same Don Juan comes again during my absence to pay you a second visit, send him off, I charge you, by the love I know you bear me. Give him his *congé* without ceremony; hold no parley, I entreat you; he is a sad good-for-nothing, and would come with no good intentions. I could tell you more. He is—But next time you shall hear all. Till then, adieu!"

"I will obey you, Bellegarde," replied Gabrielle, somewhat coldly; "but the Spaniard seems to be an honest gentleman, and looks born to command."

The whole party then proceeded to the court-yard, where the three horses were waiting.

"Adieu, most adorable Gabrielle!" cried the Spaniard, vaulting first into the saddle. "Would to Heaven I had never set eyes on you, or that, having seen you, I might gaze to eternity on that heavenly face!"

"Well," said Bellegarde, gayly, for his spirits rose as he saw the Spaniard ready to depart, "you need only wait until peace be made, and then I will present you at court, Don Juan, where Madame la Duchesse de Bellegarde, otherwise La Belle Gabrielle, will shine fairest of the fair."

"You are not married yet, duke, however," rejoined the Spaniard, looking back; "and, remember, you must first have his majesty's leave and license—not always to be got. Ha, ha, my friend, I have you there!" laughed the don. "Adieu, then, once more, most beautiful ladies, adieu to you all! Bellegarde, you have gained your bet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIVALRY.

TWO Cupids wooed a little nymph called Love,
A dainty thing—
To vie in each immortal way they strove
In offering:

The sweetest nectar from wild-flowers brought,
And purest dewa;
The powdered wings of butterflies they caught
For fans to use.

Frail spider-webs to weave a flimsy veil,
And glow-worm bright,
To burn amid her golden tresses pale,
In halls of night.

Moss to make sandals for her dainty feet,
With ties of grass—
That no pursuing mortal, how'er fleet,
Could hear her pass.

Hearts of red roses, for a pillow soft,
To rest upon;
A calla lilly, swung on stalk aloft,
To screen the sun.

Robes of the pale-gray mountain-mist, to wear
With girdle blue;
Necklace of dew-drops, with the sunbeams
fair,
Glittering through.

Rainbows for scarfs, and cloud for curtain hung,
And bells to ring
Of gold-tongued lilies, notes of bird-song sung
In early spring.

All dainty things to veil her fairy form
And crown her head—
To feed her with, were brought by lover-charm
And offered.

She smiled upon the Cupids with rare grace,
Feigning deep love,
In secret bending earthward her fair face
Longing to rove.

One morn the lovers searched the wide world
o'er
For precious things,
Returning from the flight, the gifts to pour,
On rapid wings.

The misty veil was rent, the rose-leaves pressed
With flying feet;
Love sought the earth below to be caressed
By mortal sweet.

MARIE LE BARON.

BRESSANT.*

A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THERE could not have been a better night for sleighing. The temperature had risen considerably since the storm, and the snow, which had fallen to the depth of a foot, was already packed down hard upon the road, so that the runners seldom sank beneath the surface. Moreover, there was a full moon, just pushing its deep orange circumference above the horizon. It had chanced to come up just where a black skeleton-forest stood out against the sky, encouraging the fancy that it had somehow got entangled in the branches, and had grown red in the face from struggling to get out. But ere the young people reached the scene of the entertainment, the struggle was over; the perfect circle was calmly and radiantly uplifting itself above the world, far beyond the reach of the outstretched arms of the gnarled and black-limbed forest; yet did the dark earth benefit

by its defeat, in the chaste illumination which descended upon its wintry countenance.

Mr. Reynolds was perfectly happy; it is pleasant to reflect how small an amount of bliss can overflow some souls. Cornelia was brief but kind in her answers to his turbid and confused pourings forth; not that she paid heed to any thing the poor fellow said—she was only occasionally aware of his presence. Her mind was revelling in dreams of heated and exalted imagination: she was filled with inspiration, as with the rich, palpitating blast of a mighty organ; but the tumultuous chorus of her thoughts produced upon her an effect of magnetism which found its expression in a gentle graciousness of words and manner.

She had made up her mind that the first person she should meet would be Bressant; and, so full did she feel of victorious power, it seemed as if, with scarcely a conscious effort, she could overbear and bring him to her feet. Yes, and dictate the terms upon which she would consent to receive his homage. What a pity that the key-notes of so few natures correspond, at the critical moment, with our own; and that Providence sees fit to forward, by even negative help, so small a proportion of our superbly-conceived plans!

It was half-past eight when they drew up at the boarding-house door. No sooner had Cornelia set foot within the threshold, and caught sight of Abbie's face, than it was borne in upon her that Bressant was not there; and the former, after questioning her about Sophie's non-appearance, confirmed her fear. He had not come, nor was it now probable that he would arrive before morning. It would have been useless to expect him by the late train, due at half-past ten, since to avail himself of that it would be necessary to make a difficult connection by walking two or three miles from one railway to another.

After climbing to such a height it was terrible to fall. Cornelia had not allowed herself to anticipate the disaster precisely because it was so crushing. In a moment the great, rainbow-tinted bubble of her hope and imagination had burst, leaving only a bitter and unpleasant sense of the paltry and unclean materials—the soap-suds and clay-pipe—wherewith it had been created.

Furthermore, the polite fictions which she had lubricated her conscience withal, regarding her desires and intentions, were shown up at precisely their true value, and a very discreditable spectacle they made. Nothing is more exasperating after a failure than to be stared out of countenance by the unworthy means we have employed. During her progress up-stairs to the dressing-room, and brief stay there, Cornelia had ample leisure to review her thoughts and deeds during the latter months of her life. What a waste of time, opportunity, and emotion! It was a tragedy of ridicule and a farce of profound pathos.

Her perception of these things was assisted by the depression which reacted upon her previous excitement; it had an embarrassing way of presenting, in the clearest colors, whatever in her conduct had been most unwise and indefensible. She could have borne it easily had there been as much as one stirring struggle for

victory, even had the struggle resulted in defeat. Her state of mind might have borne analogy to his who, having deeply caroused overnight in celebration of some glorious triumph, learned, upon coming to his racked and tortured senses the next day, that it was a triumph for the other side.

Had the sense of despair been less overwhelming, had Cornelia been merely disappointed, rage would have taken the place of depression, and her thoughts would have run in far different channels. But there was no hope; this was her last chance of all; hereafter a rampart would be erected against her, which she neither was able nor dared to scale. There was no element in her position that could make it durable, and yet there was no escape. She had not enough spirit of enterprise left to return home at once, but yielded herself with torpid insensibility to whoever chose to make a suggestion. She wonderingly speculated as to how she had ever been able to originate an idea herself.

The evening dragged its slow length along, and dragged Cornelia with it. To be where she was, was insupportable; but to go back to the Parsonage was worse still; and the thought of the solitary drive thither with the overflowing Mr. Reynolds filled her with a nauseating pain of anticipation.

It could not have been far from midnight when she awoke to a sense of being alone and not far from the side-door into the yard. Her partner—whoever he was—had gone to get her some ice-cream or a cup of coffee. Cornelia did not wait for his return, but walked quickly and unobserved to the door, which stood a few inches ajar, opened it, passed through, and stood in the unconfined air. The keen intensity of the tonic made her nostrils ache, and her uncovered bosom heave. She unbuttoned one of her gloves, and taking some snow in her hand, pressed it to her warm temples, and then let it drop shivering into her breast.

"It must feel like that to die, I suppose," thought she. "If I were Sophie, now, that snow would be the death of me in two days; as it is, I shall only have a cold in the head to-morrow. There seems to be no reason in these things."

A dark figure turned the farther corner of the house, and came ploughing through the snow immediately under the eaves, dragging one hand along the clapboards as it came. The crunching of the snow caught Cornelia's ears, and she turned and recognized the figure in half a breath. The great height, the massive breadth, the easy, springing tread—it was Bressant from head to foot. He was buttoned up in a short pea-jacket, and there was a round fur cap on his head. As Cornelia turned upon him he stopped a moment, standing quite motionless, with the fingers of one hand resting on the side of the house. Then he came close up to her and grasped her wrist with his gloved hand.

"Where is Sophie?" demanded he, in his rapid, muffled voice.

"She's ill; she caught cold; she's at home," answered Cornelia, who, at the first recognition, had felt a kind of twang through all her nerves, and was now trying to control the effects of the shock. There was some-

* ESTATED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

thing queer in Bressant's manner—in the way he looked at her.

"But you came," rejoined he, stooping down and peering into her beautiful, troubled face. He broke into a laugh, which terrified Cornelius greatly, because he laughed so seldom. "One might know you'd come. You thought I'd be here; you came to see me, and here I am. Will Sophie get well?"

"Oh, yes! she was much better. When I left, she had on her—wedding-dress."

Bressant drew in his breath hissing between his teeth, and his fingers tightened a moment round Cornelius's wrist. The pain forced a sob from her and turned her lips pale. He paid no attention to her, presently dropped her wrist, and put his hands behind him, grinding the snow beneath his heel, and looking down.

"Whom is she going to marry?" was his next question, asked without raising his head.

"You!" exclaimed Cornelius, in astonishment and fear. The answer sprang to her lips without forethought or reflection, so much had the strange question startled her.

But he again stooped down and peered into her eyes, watching the effect of his words on her as he spoke them.

"No, no! I am not he who promised to marry her. She wouldn't have me, if I asked her; she don't know me. I'm going to marry some one else. *She'll* love me, no matter who I am. Shall I tell you her name?"

Cornelius could only shiver—shiver—with dry mouth and dilated eyes. Bressant put his hand on her shoulder, and drew her forward a step or two, so that the white moonlight fell upon her.

"Cornelia Valeyon is her name," said he; and then, as she remained rigid, he bent forward, with a whispered laugh, and kissed her on the face.

"There! now we belong to each other; a good match, aren't we?—Quick! now; run into the house and get your things on. You must walk home with me, and we'll arrange every thing. Go! I shall wait for you here."

She reentered the house, cold and dizzy, just as her partner arrived with the coffee. She explained—what scarcely needed to be told—that she felt faint; she must go upstairs. In three minutes she had put her satin-slipped feet into a pair of water-proof overshoes, pinned up her trailing skirts, thrown on her long, wadded mantle, with sleeves and hood, and had got down-stairs again before "assistance" could arrive. All the time there was a burning and tingling where his lips had been, but she would not put up her hand to touch the spot and relieve the sensation. It was in a manner sacred to her; albeit the sanctity was largely mingled with bewilderment, remorse, and fear.

When she came out, Bressant was standing where she had left him, tossing a couple of snowballs from one hand to another. He dropped them as she approached, and brushed the snow from his gloves. She took the arm he offered her—timidly, and yet feeling that it was all in the world she had to cling to. It was true—by that kiss she belonged to him, for it had made her a traitor to all else on whom she had hitherto had a claim. Yet, upon how different a footing did they stand with one

another from that which she had prefigured to herself! This was he whom she was to have brought, vanquished, to her feet! With one motion of his strong, masculine hand he had swept away all her fine-spun cobwebs of opportunity and method, and had laid his clutch upon the very marrow of her soul. But, though she had lost the command, she was party, if not principal, to the guilt. It was he who had taken fire from her.

"You remember last summer," said he, "that night when an arch was in the sky? We didn't understand one another then, and I didn't understand myself. But during the last day or two I've been thinking it all over. I've had too good an opinion of myself all along."

"What is it that you've been thinking?" asked Cornelius, feeling repelled, and yet driven by a piteous necessity to know all the contents, good or bad, of this heart which was her only possession.

"Of all that's been said and done this last half year. There's nothing you care for more than me, is there?" he demanded, concentrating the greatest emphasis into the question.

"If you care for me—if I can be every thing to you"—Cornelius's voice was broken and tossed upon the uncontrolled waves of fighting emotions, and she could give little care to the form and manner of her speech.

"I love you—of course I love you!—what else is there for me to do? But I've been all this time trying to find out what love was. I thought I loved Sophie, you know."

Bressant's strange words and altered manner dismayed Cornelius. What was the matter with him? She could not get it out of her head that some awful event must have happened; but she knew not how to frame inquiries. Bressant continued—a determined levity in his tone was yet occasionally broken down by a stroke of feeling terribly real:

"I was a great fool—you should have told me; you knew more about it than I did. It was my self-conceit—I thought nothing was too good for me. When I saw you I thought you were the flower of the world, so I wanted you. Well—you are—the flower of the world!"

"He does love me!" said Cornelius to herself; and she knew a momentary pang of bliss which no consideration of honor or rectitude had power to dull or diminish.

"But afterward," he went on, his voice lowering for an instant, "I saw an angel—something above all the flowers of this world—and I was fool enough to imagine she would suit me better still. You never thought so, did you, Cornelius?" he added, with a half laugh, "well—you should have told me!"

How he dragged her up and down, and struck her where she was most defenceless! Did he do it on purpose, or unconsciously?

"I mistook worship for love—that was the trouble, I fancy. Luckily, I found out in time—it won't do to love what is highest; it can only make one mad. Love what you can understand—that's the way! See how wise I've become."

Bressant's laugh affected Cornelius like a deadly drug. Her speech was fettered, and she moved without her own will or guidance.

"I found out—just in time—that I needed more body and less soul; less goodness, and—more *Cornelia*!" he concluded, epigrammatically.

So this was her position. It could hardly be more humiliating. Yet how could she rebel? for was not the yoke of her own manufacture? Indeed, had she been put to it she might have found it a difficult matter to distinguish between the actual relation now subsisting between Bressant and herself, and that which she had been for months past striving to effect. He had met her half-way, that was all.

But surely it was only during this absence that this idea of abandoning Sophie, and turning to herself, had occurred to him. Half as a question, half as an exclamation, the words found their way through Cornelius's twitching lips:

"What has happened to you since you went away?"

"Oh! since we love each other, there's no use talking about that at present. If I had any idea of marrying Sophie, now, I should have to go and tell her every thing. It's so convenient to be certain that *nothing* can change your love for me, Cornelius! No, no! I wouldn't be so suspicious of you as to tell you now."

"When am I to know, then?" she asked, fearful of she knew not what.

"After we're married there shall be a clearing up of it all. You'll be much amused! By-the-way, I found out one queer thing—what my real name is!"

"Your real name!"

"Yes—who I am; you know I said I wasn't the same who was engaged to marry Sophie. Well, I'm not; he was a myth—there was no such person. I always thought 'Bressant' was an *incognito*, didn't you? But it turns out to be the only name I have! I hope you like it; do you think 'Mrs. Bressant' sounds well?"

"What does all this mean? What are you going to do with me? Are you making a sport of me?" cried Cornelius, clasping both hands over Bressant's arm, in a passion of helplessness. Much as she loved life, she would at that moment have died rather than feel that she was ridiculed and deserted by him.

They had come to the brow of the hill on which the village stood, overlooking the valley, which moon and snow together lit up into a sort of phantom daylight. The moon hung aloft, directly above their heads; and the narrow circumference of their shadows, lying close at their feet, were mingled indistinguishably together. Cornelius, in the energy of her appeal, had stopped walking, and the two stood for a moment looking at one another. Seen from a few yards' distance, they would have made a supremely beautiful and romantic picture. The stately poise of Bressant's gigantic figure—the slight inclination of his head and shoulders toward Cornelius—presented an ideal model for a tender and protecting lover. She, in form and bearing, the incarnation of earthly grace and symmetry, her lovely upturned face revealed in deep, soft shadows, and sweet, melting lights, her rounded fingers interlaced across his arm, her

bosom lifting and letting fall irregularly the cloak that lay across it; what completer embodiment could there be of happy self-surrendering, trusting young womanhood? And what were the fitly-spoken words—the apples of gold in this picture of silver?

"Cornelia," said Bressant, throwing aside the levity as well as the underlying passion of his tone, and speaking with a slightly impatient coldness, "don't you begin to be a fool as soon as I leave it off. You may call what joins us together love, if you like, but it's not worth getting excited about. You take me because you were jealous of Sophie, and because you've compromised yourself. I take you because you're beautiful to look at, and—because nobody else would have me! We shall have plenty of money, which will help us along. But what is there in our relations to make us either enthusiastic or miserable? Come along!"

This was the consummation of Cornelia's passionate hopes and torturing fears; of her dishonorable intriguing and reckless self-desecration. She became very calm all of a sudden, and, without making any rejoinder, she came along as he bade her, and they descended the hill.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOUND.

SOPHIE, having carried her point regarding her wedding-dress, had nothing better to do after Cornelia had left her than to give herself up to reverie. She had a private purpose to sit up until her sister's return, that she might hear all about Bressant, and why he had stayed away so long and sent no word. That he had returned, expecting to meet her at the ball, she entertained not the slightest doubt; nor was there at this time any suspicion or misgiving in her mind about his fidelity and love.

Mankind's ignorance of the future is, beyond dispute, a blessing; yet we could wish, for Sophie, that so much presentiment of what was to come might be hers as to lead her to concentrate all possible happy thoughts into the few hours that remained wherein she might yet be happy. She had full scope and freedom to think what she would—no less than if a hundred years of earthly bliss had awaited her. Her life had been full of all manner of spiritual beauties and perfumes—a divine poem, though written upon clay. Let only the harmony of sweet music float about her now, and the shadow of what was to come be not cast over her.

She sat in her deep, soft, easy-chair, with its high back, and square, roomy seat. An open-grate stove furnished light to the room; for Sophie had blown out her candle. As the flame rose or sank, the various objects round about stood visible, or vanished duskily away. Endymion, over the mantel-piece, still slept as peacefully as ever, and the smile, though forever upon his lips, seemed always to have but that moment alighted there. How tenderly the lustrous touch of the moon brightened on his white shoulder!

The golden letters of the Lord's Prayer

gleamed ever and anon from the shadow above the bed, and sent the shining beauty of a sentence across to Sophie's eyes; and the face of the cherub, with his chain upon his hand, was turned upward in immortal adoration. Sophie's glance rested thoughtfully upon one and then the other. They were incorporated into her life. Would they have power to protect her from evil and suffering? Well, the words of the prayer settle that question most wisely.

How silent the house was, and how light it was out-doors! Sophie rose from her chair by the fire and walked slowly to the window. A board creaked beneath her quiet foot, and a red coal fell with a gentle thud into the ash-receiver. Then, as Sophie leaned against the window, she heard the little ormolu-clock, in the room below, faintly tinkle out the half-hour after eleven. Before long—in an hour, perhaps—Cornelia would be back, rosy with the cold, fresh, laughing, and full of news. Dear Neelie! How Sophie wished that she might find a love as deep and a happiness as perfect as had come to her! It hardly seemed fair that she should monopolize so much of the world's joy. True, God knows best; but Sophie, with her forehead against the cold window-pane, prayed that Cornelia might speedily become as blessed as herself. Then she turned to go back to her chair, casting a parting glance at the white road, with the glistening track of sleigh-runners visible as far as the bend. No moving thing was in sight. In stepping from the window, her foot caught in the skirt of her wedding-dress, and she narrowly escaped falling. The loose board creaked again, dismally; but Sophie laughed at her clumsiness, and, recovering her balance, reached her chair and sat down in it. How warm and pleasant it was! The walls of the room seemed to draw up coseyly around the stove, and nod to one another good-naturedly. They loved Sophie, and would do all they could to make her comfortable and secure. She sat quite still, and perhaps fell into a light, half-waking slumber.

A while afterward, she suddenly started in her chair, her head raised, as if listening. The fire burnt as warmly as ever, but Sophie was trembling uncontrollably, and her heart was beating most unmercifully. She walked quickly and blindly, with outstretched hands, to the window. This time the ominous board forbore to creak. Its omen was fulfilled.

Without hesitating, she threw up the window, and, unmindful of the tingling inrush of cold air, she leaned out, and looked down through the arched window of the porch. The bare vines that struggled across it afforded no intercession to the view of the two figures standing within. Sophie gazed at them as a bird does at a snake; she could not take her eyes away; she could not move nor utter a sound. It was like the oppression and paralysis of a fearful dream. Was she dreaming?

It was a terribly vivid dream, at any rate. She seemed to see one of the figures—a woman—clasp the man's hand passionately in hers and speak. The voice was known to her; it was as familiar as her own; but the words it uttered made her sure she was asleep. Thank God! it was not real. She

would wake up in a moment, and shudder to think how ugly a dream it had been. Oh! if she could only awaken before this conversation went any further! It was breaking her heart; it was killing her. She had heard of people who died in their sleep—was it from such dreams as this?

She seemed to have heard two voices—voices that she loved and knew as well as her own heart—talking a horrible, unholy jargon about some purpose—some plan—something that it was a sin even to listen to or imagine; but, as in a dream, she had no choice but to listen. She tried to shake off the delusion—to see, to prove, that what she saw and heard was false. But still it lasted, and lasted. Still those wicked sentences kept creeping into her ears and deadening her heart. O God! would it never cease?—would there never be an end?

At length the end seemed about to come. But, ah! the end was worst of all. Shame—shame to her that such sinful imaginings should visit her brain. She saw the figure of the man turn away as if to go; but the woman caught him by the arm, and lifted her beautiful, guilty face up toward his as if beseeching him for a parting kiss. She saw him stoop his dark, bearded head, with a half-impatient gesture, and kiss the beautiful woman's mouth, then motion her toward the house. "Make haste and put on your travelling-dress," he seemed to say; "I'll walk up the road a little way and wait for you."

Sophie found power to slip down from the window after that, but she knew she was dreaming still. She heard a stealthy footstep on the stairs and along the entry; it seemed to pause, and hesitate a moment at her door; but then it went on and entered Cornelia's room. If she only could go to her lover, Sophie thought. If she could only speak to him and feel his arms around her. And why should she not? he had but just gone up the road. She would slip out and run after him. It was deadly cold; she was in her white wedding-dress. Yes; but then it was a dream—nothing but a dream—no harm could come of it.

She lifted herself softly from the floor, and moved toward the door. She passed the looking-glass on the dressing-table as she went, and cast a darkling glance into it. A haggard ghost seemed to stare back at her, with crazy eyes. A braid of brown, silky hair, had become loosened, and was creeping down upon the spectre's shoulders.

Sophie stole along as noiselessly as a cat. She descended the staircase, glided down the passage, opened the outer door, and was on the frozen porch. The chill of the air passed through her as if she had been indeed but a spirit. The dream must surely be a dream of death. She ran down the icy path to the gate, and, looking along the road, saw that a tall figure had nearly reached the spur of the hill, around which the road turned. By hurrying she would yet be able to overtake him. She passed through the gate without causing a creak or a rattle, gathered up her light skirt, and started to run as speedily as she might.

The cold snow penetrated through her thin slippers and made her feet ache and sting. The breeze forced a cruel entrance

through the bosom of her dress, as if to freeze the heart that was beating so. As she ran on, she began to pant so heavily it seemed as if every breath must be her last. The familiar road, the well-known outline of the hills, the stone-walls, the stretch of woods to the left, where she had walked so often last fall, all looked now ghastly and unreal—a world whose only sun was the moon—a fitting world for such a dream as this.

Still she staggered onward, slipping in the polished ruts of the sleigh-runners, plunging into the deep snow. Her body was cold as the winter itself, but her head was burning as if a fire were within it. She reached the bend and her eyes strained wildly up the road. There! far ahead, marked black against the ghastly snow—there! still moving away—farther away. Would she ever reach him?

It was hopeless, and yet she kept on. Rather than let him go without having assured her it was all a wicked dream—without having hugged her in his arms, and given her her good-night kiss—without having called her his own, only Sophie, and promised he would always love her, and no other—rather than give up all this, she would die in the pursuit, and it were well that she should die. So on she ran; her brain reeled, she could scarcely feel whether her limbs yet moved; there was a gripping in her heart, and her breath came in short gasps of agony. The earth darkened and tipped before her eyes, but her resolve never faltered. To reach him, or die. Oh, how gladly she would die, if only she might reach him! Was not that he—there—only a short way on? Might not her voice reach him? Would not some good angel bear it to him? Even then she stumbled and fell forward on her knees; but, ere she sank quite down, she threw forth a wild, piercing, despairing cry, giving to it her whole desolate soul:

"Bressant! Bressant!"

Then blackness obliterated every thing. But Bressant, as he walked heavily along, encompassed with bitter and miserable thoughts, suddenly halted, as if an iron hand had been laid upon his shoulder. Either he had actually heard a faint echo of that unearthly cry, or his spiritual ear had taken cognizance of the call of Sophie's soul. He turned himself about, with a quaking heart. There was the long, white road, but no human being was visible upon it. Yet he knew that Sophie's voice had called him. She must be near. Slowly he began to walk back, half dreading to behold her image rise before him, with deep, reproachful eyes.

He had not gone twenty yards, when he started back, having almost set his foot upon something which lay face downward in the snow, clad in a dress almost as white. He would not have seen her but for her brown hair, which, falling loosely about, was caught and stirred by the inquisitive breeze. She, herself, lay quite still.

Bressant took her beneath the arms, and lifted her up. Crouching down, he supported her head against his shoulder, and brushed away the snow that had adhered to her face. There was a cut upon her chin, but the blood, after running a few moments, had congealed.

Her eyes were not quite shut, but the lids were stiff and immovable. The mouth, too, was a little open. Was it the moonlight that gave her that death-like look? or was she dead indeed?

The young man broke out into a long, wavering cry. It was not weeping; it was not laughter; yet it bore a resemblance to both. It curdled his own blood, but he could not repress it. It was the voice of overstrained, unendurable emotion, and a horrible voice it was to hear. He feared he was losing his senses—looking in that white, motionless face, and uttering such a cry! At last, however, it died away, and there was silence. The silence was almost worse than the cry—the utter silence of a winter night.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself, helplessly.

The unearthly voice, and the discovery to which it had led, following the other events of the night, had made Bressant unfit to deal with this matter after his usual ready and practical style. But he would have found the problem an awkward one at his best. How could he appear at the Parsonage? What account could he give there of this lifeless body? What account could he give of it to himself? He was utterly bewildered and aghast. It seemed that the dead had risen from the grave, to drag him relentlessly back to the fullest glare of earthly ignominy—to the keenest experience of human suffering. And yet, did he quite deserve it? Was there no grain of leaven in his lump of sinfulness and weakness, if all were known? He is a hardened criminal, indeed, who can find no hope in the thought of appealing from human judgment to divine!

Meanwhile Mr. Reynolds had been luxuriating in a very unmistakable sense of injury. To some persons there is a positive relief and gratification in being really wronged; it raises their estimate of their own importance; by virtue of their title to feel angry, disappointed, or deceived, they can take their place in a higher than their ordinary rank. So Mr. Reynolds, finding himself qualified to plead a clear case of absolute and unwarrantable desertion, held up his head, and bore himself with becoming dignity.

His dignity did not, however, interfere with his seeking to drown his slight in the good, old-fashioned way. He solaced himself beyond prudence with the varied products of the hotel-bar, and then settled himself solitary in his sleigh, and jingled homeward. His road took him past the Parsonage, and he enlivened the lonely way by scraps of songs, reflections upon the perfidy of woman, and portentous yawns at intervals of two or three minutes. In fact, by the time he had gone a mile, the most predominant sensation he had was sleepiness, and half a mile more came very near making a second Endymion of him. From this, however, he was preserved by the very sudden stoppage of his sleigh, which threw him on his knees against the dasher, and forcibly knocked his eyes open. He rolled over to the ground, but, happening to light on his feet, he stood unsteadily erect, and asked a very tall and powerful man, who was holding his horse's head, when he was going to let that drop?

Receiving no intelligible answer, he stumbled in the powerful man's direction, perhaps contemplating the performance of some deed of desperate valor. Meanwhile the object of his hostility had relinquished his hold of the horse, and appeared kneeling on the ground, supporting the form of a woman, dressed in a tasteful white dress, with dark, disordered hair lying around her colorless face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF PIUS IX.

(BY AN EX-STUDENT OF A ROMAN COLLEGE.)

WHEN I first saw Pius IX., papal Rome was, politically and religiously, under his control. The gaudy equipages of cardinals rolled daily through the grand villa on the Pincian Hill, or through the Borghese Park, the fashionable Corso, or the spacious piazzas. Files of students, in couples, arranged and moving with automatic exactness, doffed their triangular hats whenever the ecclesiastical princes approached. At that time—the autumn of 1866—every thing in Rome seemed sacerdotal and austere. Take into account that the "season" had not yet begun, and the seven-hilled city, still undisturbed by the rush and bustle of her annual thousands of foreign visitors, remained in her normal condition. The pensive, humble friar was encountered in every direction, and plump parish priests, in broadcloth and silk knee-breeches, strongly attracted the stranger's curiosity. Then the battles of Mentana and Monte Rotondo had not been fought, nor had any of the hierarchy of the Vatican yet dreamed of the impending fall of the temporal power.

I had seen St. Peter's, the Pantheon, St. John of Lateran, the old Roman Forum, the Catacombs, and the Coliseum; but I longed most of all to see the acknowledged spiritual ruler of three hundred millions, for, without disrespect to the venerable high-priest of the Catholic world, I regarded Pio Nono as the prime "lion" of Rome. I had been already three days in the Eternal City without seeing his Holiness, and, on the morning of the fourth, I assumed the uniform of the college. At three in the afternoon, the old, familiar bell bade us muster in the corridors and prepare for the evening walk. We were to visit the Church of *Santa Maria della Vittoria*, and afterward go in the direction of Porta Pia. Before we had formed into line after our visit to the church, Francis II., ex-King of Naples, and his beautiful queen, passed us. Doing as all ecclesiastical people in Rome do, or at least as they did at that time, we gave the banished Bourbon an obsequious salute of triangular hats. We had not proceeded far when I, the junior of the *camarata*, was alarmed by the dashing speed of a horseman, in the distance, with a plumed hat. Almost of one accord, my fellow-students exclaimed, "*Viene il papa!*"

Presently a very handsome young cavalier cantered by. He wore a cocked-hat with blue feathers, and the uniform of a colonel of the line. He was the outrider of the pope,

whose duty it was to give notice of the coming of the Holy Father. Then two heavy and richly-adorned carriages, drawn by black thorough-breds, came down the Porta Pia road, and I saw Pope Pius IX. for the first time.

Nearly every one genuflected as the carriages containing the pontifical escort drew near, and not far ahead of us knelt the ex-King Francis and his queen. That of itself was a very uncommon episode, for may they not have been the last monarchs who would ever kneel in the streets to receive a papal benediction? To Catholics it was a scene deeply solemn and suggestive, inasmuch as it gave an emphatic example of the pope's supremacy.

With a facial expression indicative both of earnest sanctity and a paternal disposition, Pius IX. waved his fingers in the shape of a cross, repeating the words of the benediction. His winning smile, florid complexion, and soft, blue eyes, would have as readily enlisted me among those who believe him to be a great, pure, and genial priest, had he been only the chieftain of an uncivilized tribe. Unless we utterly disregard the looks and manners of men as criteria of their nature and proclivities, Pius IX. must be ranked among the most estimable of our kind. Nor has his record, during a reign the longest since that of his first predecessor, belied his native appearance and ways. About his religious tenets, and his right to rule over Rome, I will make no reference. Pope Pius IX., when socially considered, will be found to be an ornament to human nature, so far as philanthropy, courage, wisdom, and purity of morals, are capable of adorning our common estate. And upon these attributes of the sovereign pontiff no one has cast the least aspersion.

The second time I had the pleasure of meeting this remarkable man was in front of the Church of St. John of Lateran. The walk assigned to our *camerata* on that day was the *Porta San Giovanni*. When his Holiness arrived at the *Santa Scala*, which is opposite St. John's, a division of little fellows from the Propaganda College tendered him quite a manly salutation. The pope, ever ready to seize an opportunity of communing with young folk, intimated to Cardinal Patrizi, who accompanied him, his desire to interview the juvenile *camerata*. The *camerata* was entirely composed of small boys from Oriental countries, who were either bequeathed to the Propaganda by their dying parents, or sent to Rome recommended by Asiatic bishops. "Quanti vescovi!" said the pope, as the little fellows drew up in front of his coach—"what a lot of bishops!"

"Take care, Holy Father," said an ecclesiastical urchin, only twelve years old; "because the last Pope, Gregory XVI., once said the same to a *camerata* of small boys, and they all became bishops."

The pope was delighted with the little fellow's pertness, which an evidence of good memory and readiness to reply had rendered excusable. The boy was a Turk.

The rector of the college to which I belonged in Rome, was presided over by Monsignor Kirby, who also had the honor of being a private chamberlain to the pope. Dr.

Kirby is the Roman agent of the Irish bishops, and his knowledge of many unwritten episodes of the pope's life was by no means limited. One incident is particularly interesting, as it proved the pope's fidelity under all circumstances to the friends and pleasant associations of his early life. It was related to us after dinner one day during our vacation, at Tivoli.

Among the bands of prisoners brought from the field of Mentana by the papal zouaves and their French allies, was an old, hazel-eyed, slim and sinewy veteran, named Giuseppe Critoni. He looked more like a bandit than a soldier, and he wore the red shirt of the Garibaldians. He was well known among the rebels and he was feared by the papal gendarmerie as a very dangerous man. He had been in Rome previous to the disturbances of 1848, plotting in favor of the revolutionists, and on many occasions since that memorable year he had acted the spy for Mazzini and Garibaldi. Critoni had a charmed life, so far as escaping keen and crafty policemen is concerned. He was never arrested until after the papal victory at Mentana. In 1866 he narrowly escaped the clutches of Alberto Massullo, the shrewdest detective in the service of his Holiness, by putting on the disguise of a mendicant friar. Critoni was a native of Viterbo, and in his boyhood he played with and loved one Mastai Ferretti, whom the veteran rebel often in later years called "*il più gentile e nobile di ragazzi*" (the most gentle and noble of boys). Critoni and this boy often practised sword-exercise together, and they became somewhat familiar with the use of the rapier and broadsword. Critoni's chum being remarked for his devotion to religious duties, his parents had him sent to an ecclesiastical training-school, while Critoni himself went to Ancona and joined his father in the banking business. After the lapse of over a decade of years, Critoni revisited his native city, and, when he asked for Mastai Ferretti, was informed that he had entered into holy orders and was then a curate in one of the parishes of Viterbo. The meeting of the two former playmates was as ardently enthusiastic as two Southern Italians could make it. Critoni had not been many days at Viterbo when he was seized with small-pox, which was prevalent there during his stay. In a critical stage of his malignant disease, Critoni sent for the curate, Mastai Ferretti, who, after administering the rites of the Church, enrolled him in the order of the "Seven Dolors," a pious institution, established in honor of the seven great afflictions which the Catholic Church attributes to the Mother of Christ. The members of the order wear two black scapulars, suspended from a cord worn around the neck and inside the clothes. It was this badge that the curate, Mastai Ferretti, placed upon Giuseppe Critoni's neck, after having enrolled him a member of the "Sette Dolori." Critoni recovered and went back to Ancona, promising ever to retain the sacred insignia of the order to which he belonged. Time rolled on, and Mastai Ferretti went as a missionary to South America. Here the intercourse of the rebel and the priest ended for over forty years. In turns, Critoni became a bankrupt broker, a

journalist, a school-master, and a revolutionist. In the last-named profession he remained until he died.

When on a balmy spring evening in 1867, the papal and French soldiers had marched in triumph through the Porta di Popolo and the Corso, greeted by the cheers of the *papalini*, while lovely flowers and laurels were showered from the adjoining windows, the more important of the prisoners, among whom Giuseppe Critoni was first, were brought, under De Charette's charge, to the dungeons of Castle St. Angelo. Before nightfall, a special courier from the pope brought orders to the officer in charge of the castle to grant the prisoners every privilege that prudence would allow. Consequently, the nauseous food and sour wine, usually supplied to the incarcerated in the dingy cells of St. Angelo, were substituted by good fare and wine of a generous flavor. On the second day of his confinement, Giuseppe Critoni became seriously ill. In a few days an indubitable case of typhus fever developed itself, and the physician advised that the patient be removed to the Santo Spirito Hospital—an institution founded by Pius IX. When his Holiness had heard of Giuseppe Critoni's arrest, he seemed uncommonly interested in the news—an old feeling seemed aroused within him. Critoni recovered, and was sent back to Castle St. Angelo. Confinement again told on the old rebel's constitution, and a relapse of the dreadful fever ensued. This time the veteran's heart fell. He knew that death was upon him, and the chaplain approached his bedside more frequently than usual. The night upon which Giuseppe was warned that his hours were briefly numbered, the officer on duty in Castle Angelo was informed by the sentinel that two priests demanded entrance into the prison. As neither of them could give the password of the night, the sentinel referred them to his officer.

"Have them searched and then closely questioned by the corporal of the guard," was the officer's direction. The clergymen were searched; but no revelations of a treasonable nature were brought to light. The officer, coming forward, inquired upon what ground they sought access to the prison at that hour. One of the priests, a corpulent and gray-haired old man, said that they had come to visit Giuseppe Critoni, who lay at the point of death. The mention of the old rebel's name by a priest at such an hour was suspicious, and the officer bluntly refused admittance. The younger of the priests then said: "I am here in the name of his Holiness the pope. He gave me permission, in person, to enter the prison to-night." The officer replied that in such troubled times as those a verbal permit was not valid.

"And by whose authority are you here?" the officer asked the old gray-haired priest.

"Pell' autorità che mi ha data la Santa Chiesa!" (On the authority which Holy Church has given me.)

The officer was confused by this indefinite answer, and insisted that the parley should end, declaring that his orders were such that he could not converse unnecessarily with unknown priests or laymen who came to the gates of the castle after the hour of the

"*Ave Maria*," unprovided with the parole and an order from the general-in-chief or the pope. The old gray-haired clergyman then requested the officer to give him a sheet of paper, which was duly furnished. The old man, placing the paper on the door of the guard-house, wrote:

"*Lasciate passare il papa e il Monsignore Morazzi.* PIUS PAPA,
(*In propria persona*.)"

The officer read the curt communication, and stood confounded. The pope raised his hat, the moon shone down on his silvery locks and handsome face. There was no more doubt. The officer fell on his knee and begged the Holy Father to spare him the disgrace and penalty which his insolence deserved. The officer was not only excused, but promoted the next day. More like a poor priest from Piedmont than the lord of the Vatican, Pio Nono with Morazzi passed into the room where Giuseppe Critoni the rebel lay dying. They confronted each other—each the dearest companion of the other's youth, who were playmates at a time when their destinies were unknown and when their prospects on the life-path seemed equal. One was now Pius IX., Pope of Rome; the other Giuseppe Critoni, the most trusted adherent of Mazzini and Garibaldi, that pope's arch-enemies. But Pius IX. was not the man to consider these things at that moment, for his heart being as open and liberal as his purse, he could not forget the associations of his childhood, and recollections which no man can be worthy without revering.

"Do you remember me, Giuseppe?" asked the pope, while he grasped the thin, sinewy wrist of the dying revolutionist.

The raving was over, and the calm which precedes death had set in. Giuseppe, looking up, said, "*Un preta, ma non vi cognosco*" (A priest, but I do not know you.)

"It is, indeed, too long for you to remember my face," said the Pope of Rome. "Do you not recollect, Giuseppe, that in Viterbo, more than forty years ago, you knew a boy named Mastai Ferretti?"

The old rebel strode to rise upon his pillow, and, opening wide his flickering eyes, he exclaimed, "Where is Mastai Ferretti—Pio Nono—il papa?"

"He is here, Giuseppe. I am he, and I wish you to speak to me." The dying man pressed the pope's hand, and then fumbled his shirt as if searching for something on his bosom. At last he clutched something, and gasped, "Mastai!"

The pope looked down and found between the rebel's fingers a scapular of the Order of the Seven Dolors. The promise had been kept nearly half a century, and tears rolled down the venerable pontiff's cheeks.

The last words of the dying rebel were, "Not against you, Mastai, not you," which meant that it was not against the pope, but the papacy, he had taken up arms.

In a similar disguise, Pius IX. has visited many of the charitable institutions of Rome, in order to test the truth of current complaints, and has brought to punishment officials found wanting in their duty to the deserving poor.

A diamond-studded tiara with which the ex-Queen of Spain presented him, he had sold for the benefit of the poor, the lower classes in Rome being then in a state bordering on destitution. About the same time a design of a ship in gold, loaded with Havana cigars of the highest brand, was sent to Rome by the Catholics of Cuba as a gift to his Holiness. His reply to the address wherewith the gift was accompanied, stated that he would dispose of the gift to the best advantage. Numerous were the calls then made upon the Vatican, and its funds were equally small, so the pope had the golden gift of the Cubans sent to the mint and thence distributed to the poor.

The rest of the remarkable incidents in the life of Pio Nono have been published from time to time during his long reign. They are demonstrative of great merit in the man who, as Mastai Ferretti, if not as Pius IX., deserves a place in the brighter records of humanity.

P. E. J.

CHARLES READE.

THE lives of authors are, for the most part, barren of striking incidents and romantic episodes. The career of a Sir Philip Sidney, or a Byron, is enacted by few of those who charm, instruct, and amuse the world by the productions of their genius. Yet the world—the reading world—always acquires a personal interest in its favorite authors. One is as pleased to know how Addison looked, what his habits were, how he dressed, who were his companions, as to learn the same details of Marlborough or of William of Orange. The pranks of Dick Steele are scarcely less entertaining than the onslaught at Malplaquet; and we are quite as much interested to sit by at the Mitre Tavern, hearing Johnson snub Boswell and out-argue Goldsmith, as to witness the rages of revolution in Paris.

Minute and personal detail in the lives of authors, takes the place of the stirring incident and stormy tragedy of the great soldier's career. Who would not rather read an account of Dickens in his home at Gadshill, than one of Wellington riding the whirlwind of battle at Waterloo?

Of CHARLES READE's life—that part of it which the public is justified in knowing during his lifetime—there is even less to tell than of most of his contemporaries; it is a simple story of a uniformly successful literary career, of one who seldom or never appears in public, whose habits are unusually retired, and of whom, outside of his writings, very little is known. Unlike Dickens and Thackeray, he is seldom seen in social circles or at the clubs; and apparently is so immersed in literary labor, as to leave him little time to enjoy the praises of his admirers, or freely to mingle with literary contemporaries. Charles Reade was the son of John Reade, Esq. (of whom we can learn nothing), and, having been born in 1814, is now fifty-nine years of age. He was educated at the aristocratic and historical Magdalen College, Oxford, celebrated as the *alma mater* of Addison: and of this col-

lege he was successively a Demy and a Fellow. He graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1835, at twenty-one, and after an interval entered upon the study of the law at Lincoln's Inn. Here he was called to the bar in the year 1843. Like Wilkie Collins, he became a barrister, but found the law a shy and uncongenial mistress, and soon gave up Blackstone and Coke in disgust, seduced away to the more pleasant fields of literature, for which he had early shown an inclination, and in which his success proved the wisdom of his choice. After nine years of nominal connection with the bar, he produced the first of the romances by which he is known—the sprightly and charming little story of "Peg Woffington." There are not wanting those who regard this as Reade's most artistic and finished work. It is certainly free from many of those eccentricities and obtrusive mannerisms which too frequently mar the effect of his later books; while it has all the dramatic power of his imagination, and all the raciness which he is able to impart to the dialogues of his characters. An even simpler and more touching story was that of "Christie Johnstone," published in 1855; a story more popular than "Peg Woffington," and which refutes the frequent critical assertion that Reade is lacking in tenderness and sympathy. Both stories were brief, simple in plot, and not pretentious in design; and possibly these good features, not less than their abundance of rich humor and piquancy, served to obtain for the then quite unknown author a general reputation of which he, with true English energy, lost no time in taking advantage.

Inspired to more ambitious work, he undertook the first of his elaborate novels, and in 1857 appeared "Never too Late to Mend," which betrayed all the peculiarities and faults, as well as further illustrating the racy and brilliant genius, of its author. It was the first of Charles Reade's series of *didactic* novels, the end whereof is not yet. In it he followed out the later plan of Dickens, to seize upon some glaring public and social wrong, shed upon it the strong light of a dramatic imagination and startling description, and hold it up to the indignation of mankind. As "Bleak House" had exposed the enormities of the Court of Chancery, "Hard Times" the injustices of official red tape, and "Little Dorrit" those of imprisonment for debt, so "Never too Late to Mend" held up to public reprobation the brutal discipline which prevailed in some English prisons. The description of prison-life is painfully vivid; the author dwells too long upon it for the reader's comfort; and it had a marked effect upon the public mind. In this novel, too, Reade gave the most graphic picture of the discovery of gold in Australia, and life in the diggings there, which has ever been published; having visited that distant English colony himself, and familiarized his mind with its scenes and social aspects. A more popular and less elaborate story appeared in the same year of 1857, "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth," which should especially be read by Americans, as the heroine is an American girl, and in many places the author evinces his enthusiastic liking for this country and its people. It is withal a bright, sprightly little story, full of odd turnings

and surprises, the character-sketching unusually good for Reade, and the conversations full of piquancy. In 1858 appeared "Jack of all Trades," a story little read now; and, in the following year, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," which was the first of Reade's novels to become universally known in this country, and which gave him a general reputation here. "White Lies," published in 1861, is less known, and is yet one of Reade's most finished productions. It is a French story of the Revolutionary days, and the pictures of provincial life at that epoch, with its odd encounters of a "citizen" magistracy and soldiery with the old territorial aristocracy, and its constant romance of incident, are perfectly fascinating. Perhaps Reade has never drawn female character with such success as in the two sisters who are the heroines of this story. The periodical *Once a Week* brought out in 1861 Reade's longer romance of "The Cloister and the Hearth," to our mind the greatest of all his productions. The plot is laid in the middle ages, the hero and heroine being supposed to be the parents of Erasmus the philosopher. Passages of rare descriptive power abound, and the plot has all the adventurous excitement proper to rude mediæval times. In the last two books Reade seems to have suspended his didactic purpose, to resume it again in "Hard Cash;" a

Matter-of-Fact Romance," first published as a serial in Dickens's *All the Year Round* in 1863. This professed to expose the abominations of private insane asylums in England. Some of the descriptions in "Hard Cash," notably that of the sea-fight in the Oriental waters, are scarcely surpassed in all the range of fictitious literature. Reade was silent for three years, when, in 1866, "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy," which had been running as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Argosy*, was published. The old lesson is taught in this of the evils brought about by the "green-

eyed monster;" while the pictures of English country-life in the last century are among the most pleasing features of the book. The attacks of the *Round Table* upon the morality of "Griffith Gaunt" brought out the famous letter from Charles Reade, in which he invented the now famous epithet of "prudent prudes." His next work, "Put Yourself in his Place," published as a serial in this country by the *Galaxy*, and in England by the *Cornhill Magazine*, is familiar to most readers. As a picture of the deeds of

is usual with even Reade himself; it is hardly worthy of the great author; scarcely more cunningly conceived than the usual plots of the *London Journal* or the *New-York Ledger*. But the charm of Reade's unsurpassed English, of his ever-racy and often brilliant dialogues, of his short, pithy, and bold descriptions, of his photographs of emotion, so vivid and so true, of his power of eliciting very earnest sympathy at the moment he wills it, exists in this as in all his later works. In 1871 appeared "A Terrible Temptation," a story of English "county" life, in which the plot turns upon the attempt of a wife to impose on Sir Charles, her husband, the child of another as her own; and Reade once more illustrates in this novel the evils of private asylums, besides introducing himself in the person of Lady Bassett's literary friend. His last publication was "The Wandering Heir," which appeared in the Christmas number of the *Graphic* for 1872.

If popularity be the test of literary rank, Charles Reade has perhaps assumed the place left vacant by Charles Dickens; for the works of no living novelist are seized, read, and noticed, with more avidity. He has made a handsome fortune by his stories, and the dramatic versions of them which he has prepared for the stage. He is a bachelor, and lives in a modest mansion in Knights-

bridge, near Hyde Park, with a married sister. Besides his novels, he has written several plays, and has now and then contributed brief papers to the periodicals. He is fond of robust, out-of-door sports, and is, withal, an admirable example of English physique in bodily appearance. His manner is brusque, but hearty and active. His opinions are liberal in politics and theology, and his esteem for America and the Americans has often been evinced, and as often remarked.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.



CHARLES READE.

COMPARATIVE VELOCITIES.

VELOCITY means rate of motion. But what is motion? Could there be found, anywhere through space, a point of absolute rest, from which to date as a starting-point, we might quickly give the old-time answer that motion is *change of place*. And were there any degree of speed, however great or however small, measured from any such point, which might be used as a unit of velocity, we could as easily define what we mean by *rate of motion*. But, when we come to realize that no such fixed point has been found, and no unit of velocity agreed upon, that every known particle of matter is in absolute motion, and that their motions are in every conceivable direction, and, with every conceivable degree of velocity, the case is materially altered.

This is an unenviable predicament for one who would write intelligently, if he could, on a subject that certainly possesses some interesting points. Our fathers had a much easier time. With them there were many fixed points—the broad earth, with its firm rocks and immovable hills—from which they could measure motion at will. But that time was long since—before those arch “heretics,” Copernicus and Galileo, played such wild work with the foundations of physical faith, proving, to the satisfaction of everybody, except the pope and a few other conservators of the old régimes, that “*the earth does move*,” thus striking away the only fixed points from which to measure absolute motion. This was not all the mischief done—it was only the entering wedge. For a time, after the earth had been abandoned to the restless whirl upon its own axis, and the stupendous orbit round the sun assigned to it by Copernicus, the minds of a few rallied around the sun itself as a fixed centre, and others looked, as a last resort, to those twinklers on high, which to this day are called “fixed stars.” Alas! they are fixed only in fancy. Science has demonstrated that the sun is no better behaved than the earth, but is whizzing through space, like a great red-hot cannon-ball, shot in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and that the starry hosts are all engaged in a brilliant dance, more grand and nimble-footed than imagination can conceive, in some order, and probably around some centre, as yet beyond the reach of science.

This upturning of all the old settled notions about rest and motion would seem to have been pretty thorough, but it was scarcely the half. When any one, wearied with the ceaseless motions of sun, moon, and stars, sought relief by looking to the earth in hopes to find something here that was at least relatively at rest, they shared the fate of the dove sent out from Noah’s ark. True, there were many things relatively at rest as to their external forms, but, when their interiors came to be critically examined, it was discovered that, not only is every living creature, whether animal or vegetable, a laboratory, with various departments, forever alive with pumping, pushing, heating, cooling, depositing, rejecting, but that even the atoms of hardened steel and other adamantine things, instead of

being at perfect rest among themselves, locked each to each, as our fathers thought, appear to be in a state of endless activity, how great in proportion to their several magnitudes we know not, but perhaps even to the extent of rotation upon their several axes, and even of revolution round each other, like stars in the unwearyed sky. So says theory; and if it prove to be true, then is there no rest this side of heaven.

In this state of affairs, what are we to do for a zero and a unit? We must appoint them for ourselves, of course, and the simplest plan will be to adopt the principle involved in that queer German philosophy which distributes the whole universe into two grand divisions, “*The Me*” on one side, and “*The Not Me*” on the other, and suppose each man to make his person the zero, and his rate of locomotion the unit of measure. Now, it is true that this plan involves an almost absurdity; for, if each man makes his person a zero, he is in fancy—*his own fancy*, by-the-by, the centre of the universe—the fixed point from which, and to which, and tangentially related to which, all motion proceeds. But, if he is a *fixed point*, he cannot move; so that, as he strolls upon the surface of the earth, it is not he that moves within and therefore over it, but the earth that moves hither and thither under him; or, as he walks leisurely away from the foot of a mountain, it is not that the flexors and extensors of his legs, acting upon their appropriate bones, shove him away from the mountain, but shove the mountain away from him. Ridiculous, however, as this may seem, let every intelligent man, and especially every astronomer, think before he laughs; for it is identically the principle which is adopted in the gravest and sublimest of sciences, when it describes the zenith, the highest point of the visible universe, as culminating directly above the observer’s head, and the nadir as the point directly beneath his feet, and the horizon, the apparent boundary between earth and sky, as a circle of which his eye is the centre.

Having thus secured our starting-point and our unit of measure, we give our attention first to the lesser velocities. A man’s rate of locomotion, as deduced from the march of an army, is fairly stated at twenty miles a day, two miles per hour, and three feet per second. The slow pace of the ox, and the still slower of the tortoise and the snail, whatsoever lessons they may teach of the wonders to be accomplished by perseverance, have little the aspect of romance. We let them pass.

The slowest motion in Nature, of which the naked eye can take cognizance, is that of a star, as it passes over a small moveless twig, while the watcher rests his head against a support. The star, we mean a fixed star, can never be magnified by the most powerful telescope to be more than a point of light, and we might reasonably expect that in passing the twig it would be suddenly and wholly quenched on one side, and as suddenly appear in full glory on the other. But this is not so; its fading occupies a number of seconds, probably because the pupil of the watcher’s eye is broad enough to graduate its light into a kind of penumbra.

But there are motions in Nature too slow to be perceived except after a lapse of time, though we are certain of them as we are of the march of an army—the growth of a plant, for instance; that is, the increase of distance between its root and the terminal bud. True, farmers tell us that they can sometimes *hear their corn grow*; for that, in a rich bottom, after a shower, in growing weather, the shuck will creak audibly of a still night, as its overlapping parts give way to the increasing ear. But who yet, unless it be whom Jack, of moon-climbing memory, ever professed to *see the growth of any thing*, even of the most rampant vines?

Slow as these motions are, however, they are rapid in comparison with others, which are familiar enough to us all, though few persons may have ever had the curiosity to calculate their rate. We cut down a giant of the forest, and measure its parts. We find it to be three feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty feet in length, from the earth to its topmost twig. On counting its concentric rings, each one of which required a year for its deposition, we learn that it is three hundred and sixty years old. These figures enable us to determine that the growth of the tree upward has been at the average rate of five inches a year—a low rate of velocity, truly! But what shall we say of that other velocity, represented by the increase of size from the centre of the trunk outward? Eighteen inches in three hundred and sixty years is at the rate of one-twentieth of an inch in one year, or $\frac{1}{200}$ of an inch a day, or $\frac{1}{7200}$ of an inch an hour.

Slow as these rates of motion are, they are as truly velocities—however they may seem rather to be *tardities*—as the flight of arrows, or as the flashing of sunbeams, for all velocities are comparative.

Let us now exchange the microscope for the telescope; in other words, turn from the lower to the higher velocities.

The ordinary rate of human travel on foot is estimated at twenty miles a day. But men have not been content with this snail’s pace. They first increased their speed by the use of horse-power, which gave them an average rate of thirty or forty miles a day. Then they devised steam-power, the average locomotive rate of which no one as yet is able to specify. Already the newspapers have announced, in large capitals, the astounding fact—

“AROUND THE EARTH IN SEVENTY-FOUR DAYS!”

a feat which, only a few years since, required tenfold the time. Enormous, however as this rate of travel seems to be, when compared in the aggregate with former rates, it will be shorn of much of its apparent glory when small portions of the average are compared with other well-known rates; for twenty-five thousand miles divided into seventy-four parts, gives the average of not quite three hundred and forty miles a day, or fourteen miles per hour. This rate was not only attained, but even exceeded by many a juvenile savage of the Pacific islands, who would learn to balance himself on the forward declivity of an ocean-billow, and ride his wild horse

shoreward until lodged upon the sands. What is the speed of these billows has probably never been estimated, but those in mid-ocean have been known to outrun the storms that raised them, and to have attained a velocity of forty or more miles the hour. The rate of travel, indicated by the average of

Round the world in seventy-four days," is far from being the highest attained in travelling. Forty miles per hour, equivalent to about one thousand miles a day, is not uncommon, although, if any one will look out of the car-window at the rugged sides of a railroad-cut, while travelling past them at this rate, he will be apt to feel his blood curdle at the thought of a possible crash. Yet even forty miles an hour is by no means the maximum. Twenty years ago, express-trains on some of the best constructed English railways were run at the fearful speed of a mile a minute, and, on a special occasion, when a sudden emergency demanded it, a locomotive and its tender were reported to have been forced up to nearly one hundred miles an hour.

We turn from this fierce rate, so painfully suggestive of accident, to another which is far greater, yet gentle and pleasant. Any one who will watch the play of a woodman's axe, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, will be amused, no matter how often it has been witnessed, to note the difference in time between the fall of the axe and the sound of the blow reported to the ear. At that distance the stroke is heard while the axe is lifted in the air, ready for the succeeding blow. A careful measurement of the velocity of sound shows that, although it varies much with varying circumstances, it travels usually at the rate of about five miles a minute. This speed is oftentimes made visible in the flight of a cannon-ball; for, although the initial velocity of the ball is so much greater than of sound that persons killed within the range of a mile are usually struck before the report could be heard, yet so greatly is its flight retarded by atmospheric resistance that it soon slackens to less than the velocity of sound. The two rates are therefore so nearly alike that either may be taken as a pretty fair representative of the other.

Should the time ever arrive—and there is no telling what may or may not be expected—when railway speed shall equal that of sound, then several rather queer-looking phenomena will be within the bounds of possibility; e. g., were signal-cannon to be planted at each mile-post along the road, and fired at the instant of the cars passing at this rate, no report would be heard by any of the passengers aboard, until the train had slackened speed at the next station, five, ten, or twenty miles ahead, at which time all the reports would come thundering together! Again, were a cannon-ball fired after the train, from a point directly in the rear, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, it is doubtful whether it would overtake the train at all, unless swifter than some cannon-balls of our day; or, if it should succeed in entering the open back-door, it would move with such seeming laziness that a passenger might easily capture it in his hat!

This brings us to consider two highly-interesting velocities in which all dwellers upon earth are vitally concerned, yet to which few people have deigned more than a passing thought. The description just now given of the maximum rate of travel attained, and possibly attainable, on railways, was penned by the writer with bated breath, for he had a vivid recollection of the thunder and rush of forty miles the hour over a railroad not so smooth and safe as it is now. More than one reader, probably, will sympathize in the feeling. Now, were the highest rate already attained, of sixty, eighty, or a hundred miles the hour, increased tenfold, who would willingly trust himself aboard any train of cars, on any railroad built by human hands? Or who, being aboard, would think of lying down to sleep, except under the full meaning of his childhood's prayer, "If I should die before I wake?" Yet there is not a mother's son or daughter of us who has not been riding at this tenfold rate all our lives, and been going to sleep, too, every night of our journey, as quietly and trustfully as little children do within reach of a parent's arm. It is true, our road is very smooth and very safe, never having experienced, during the last six thousand years, the first jolt or jar, much less the first "run-off" or collision. But the fact that our so-called car is the earth, and its great superintendent the Almighty Creator, does not in the least diminish the velocity with which we travel; nor need it diminish our wonder, though we must admit that it adds vastly to our sense of security.

The motion of the earth has been spoken of as if it were one only; but, of course, no one can forget that it is twofold. In its daily whirl upon its axis, all who live at the equator are swept along at the rate of twenty-five thousand miles in twenty-four hours, or upward of one thousand miles an hour. Those who live in latitude 60° , move at exactly half the speed. The average rate at different points of the United States may therefore be set down at about seven hundred miles the hour, though it is really greater. But only to think of travelling at this lesser rate of seven hundred miles the hour—more than double the velocity of sound or of a cannon-ball!

And now what language shall we use in speaking of that other motion of the earth in which we all participate! We make a yearly circuit round the sun of about five hundred and fifty million miles. To accomplish this requires a velocity of one million five hundred thousand miles a day, or sixty-two thousand miles an hour, which is upward of *one thousand miles every minute!* This is a speed which is actually inconceivable. Yet at this rate, as was just now said, we travel without jolt, without collision, and even without fear of evil. We sit comfortably in our easy-going car, look complacently at the stars, past which we so madly rush, then go to bed and sleep and dream, and awake in the morning, and seldom think of the grand equipage in which we are travelling at the rate of *sixteen miles a second*.

At this point of our survey it might seem the dictate of reason to stop, since we are

already beyond the boundary of the conceivable. But, although past that boundary, we are far from having reached the limits of the *calculable*. The electric fluid, shot along our telegraph-wires, so far outstrips the daily motion of the sun that a cable despatch dated London, five o'clock p. m. of any day, is delivered in Washington City about twelve o'clock m. of the same day. The rapidity of its transmission, though seemingly infinite, or, as we ordinarily say, instantaneous, is not actually so. There is an appreciable portion of time occupied in its transit, and that time has been measured. The distance by wire between Cambridge, Massachusetts, and San Francisco, California, is about thirty-six hundred miles. In an experiment undertaken for the purpose of testing its practical velocity, the electric spark was sent and *returned* over this distance in three-fourths of a second; a rate sufficient to carry it round the earth in two seconds and a half, or to complete the circuit of the earth's orbit in two hours and forty minutes, instead of three hundred and sixty-five days.

We have but one more velocity to notice. It is that of light. Until the year 1675, the passage of light was supposed to be instantaneous, and the discovery of the truth was the result almost of accident. The celebrated Römer had calculated with great precision the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites when that planet and the earth were on the same side of the sun. To his surprise and perplexity, however, the eclipses took place sixteen minutes too late, when Jupiter was on the side of the sun opposite to the earth. Every obscuration and reappearance of these satellites took place exactly in the order predicted, and at nearly the calculated intervals, but they were regularly sixteen minutes behind time. The only solution of the phenomenon was to be had in supposing that light requires sixteen minutes to pass through the diameter of the earth's orbit, i. e., one hundred and eighty-four million miles. This astounding fact was soon corroborated by other testimony, until now there is scarcely any fact in physical science more firmly established than that light travels with the enormous velocity of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles a second!

To form a conception, as near as possible, of this degree of speed, let us put two things together. Were the earth girdled with a speaking-tube capable of conveying sound through all its length, at the rate of five miles a minute, a message around would occupy five thousand minutes, or eighty-three and two-third hours, or nearly three and a half days for its passage; whereas light, if it could be sent around on the same track, would encircle the earth *eight times* between each beat of a second-measuring clock!

Here, now, we are compelled to stop. There is no greater velocity in Nature known to man. The transmission of gravitational force is known to be greater, but it is given up that that must be instantaneous; for, if not absolutely so, it must be (so Laplace calculated from reliable data) at least *fifty million times greater than that of light*.

F. R. GOULDING.

THE VALLEY OF KULU.

THE Himalayas as a summer resort is an association which will doubtless seem strange to most American readers, though many of them, perhaps, have heard of Simla—the far-famed and delightful *sanitarium* of the Indian officials during the hot months of a tropical summer—while all are familiar, with the name at least, of the beautiful Valley of Cashmere. Simla is situated far up in the Punjab, among the first foot-hills of the great Himalayan range, and Cashmere lies entirely beyond the mountains, on the slopes of the northern side. Between these two, and only one hundred and fifteen miles north of Simla, lies the valley of Kulu, the very name of which has hardly been seen hitherto, except on the official maps, but which has recently, chiefly on account of its being the only spot in India containing silver-ore, been fully explored an

is valuable, chiefly to those who are interested in the mineral wealth of British India; but his observations on the scenery and antiquities of the valley, and the religious and other customs of its inhabitants, are both entertaining and suggestive.

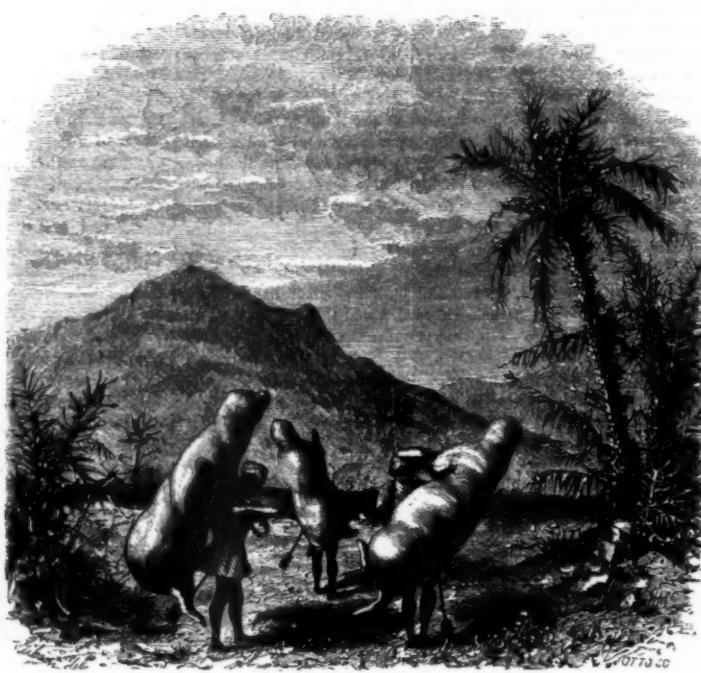
The valley of Kulu is part of the territory of the Rajah of Mundi, one of the quasi-independent chieftains of the Punjab, and lies on the southern slope of the Himalayas, at an average elevation of about eight thousand feet above the sea. Like most of the Swiss valleys similarly situated, it was at one time evidently the bed of a vast glacier; then of a mountain-lake, which, gradually drying up, has left a beautiful stream, which traverses it from end to end, and is fed by the numerous glaciers, in which the valley loses itself at its northern limit. It is plain, too, that the climate, which is at present the most delightful and salubrious in India, has altered in comparatively recent times, as snow is never known to lie now in the ravines, which bear the marks of being worn by destructive glaciers and torrents that in times long past swept down enormous blocks of stone, and, grinding them into rounded shapes, deposited them everywhere over the surface.

Kulu (pronounced Kooloo) may be reached by the mail route from Jullundur, on the Lahore and Delhi Railway, but the route chosen by Mr. Calvert was that by way of Simla. Starting from the latter point, and passing through some delightful scenery in the intermediate valleys, the traveller soon reaches Largi Rest-house, just to the south of the Saini River, at the entrance of the valley,

which he crosses by a wooden bridge—when it is not broken down or carried away—a by no means unusual occurrence. These bridges, which abound in all this territory, are very picturesque, safe, and cheap; unlike bridges of masonry or of iron, they can be built without the use of boat or scaffolding, and even the abutments without mortar. The length of span which the huge timbers afford, and the height at which they are placed above the water, render them little liable to be injured by the timber and trees which are floated down the river during the occasional floods; and, being very narrow and without braces, when cattle or horses pass over them they pass over them they bend and sway in

the most alarming manner.

A little farther on, at the ferry below Badool village, the natives adopt a very singular way of getting across the river. Lashing a



FERRY-MEN IN KULU, WITH INFLATED BUFFALO-SKINS.



KULU PEASANT.

described by an English engineer. His book *

* "Vaseeri Rupi, the Silver Country of the Vaizeers, in Kulu." By John Calvert, F. G. S. London: E. & F. N. Spon.



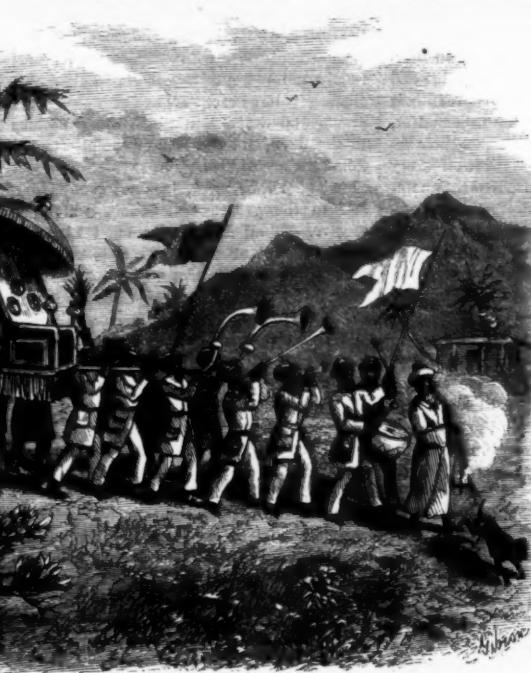
KULU PEASANT.

charpoy, or platform, to two inflated buffaloskins, the appearance of which is shown in our picture, they convey quite a heavy load across with the greatest ease if not swiftness.

"But be careful," says Mr. Calvert, "while collecting specimens of the beautiful conglomerate limestone which overhangs the ferry, that some of those hundreds of monkeys that hang about above the projecting rock, do not, by accident or design, roll stones down on your head or toes, or, swinging carelessly from a branch, *pukero* your *toupet* or your wife's *chignon*; for such things have been done. It is not only cruel but dangerous to shoot them, or even pelt them, for they can and do retaliate, sometimes with fatal results." These monkeys may be seen throughout the valley in hundreds, some hugging their little ones as if they really loved them. The natives, from superstitious motives, seldom molest them, though they are the pests of the orchard and the corn-field, where they commit great devastation.

Besides monkeys there are many bears to be met with in the more secluded parts of Kulu; and leopards prowl into the very villages at night in search of dogs and babies; and it is not until the people have lost a cow or a calf, which they seem to value more than a baby, that they will combine to attack them. These leopards have a great partiality for dogs, which are not safe even in the verandas of the houses at night. They seldom attack any human beings except infants; but they are astonishingly audacious in searching for their prey.

The natives of Kulu are quiet and peaceable, and tolerably industrious. Like all the Hindoos, however, they are intensely litigious; two of them went to law recently about one inch of land. They are a fine race; the women,

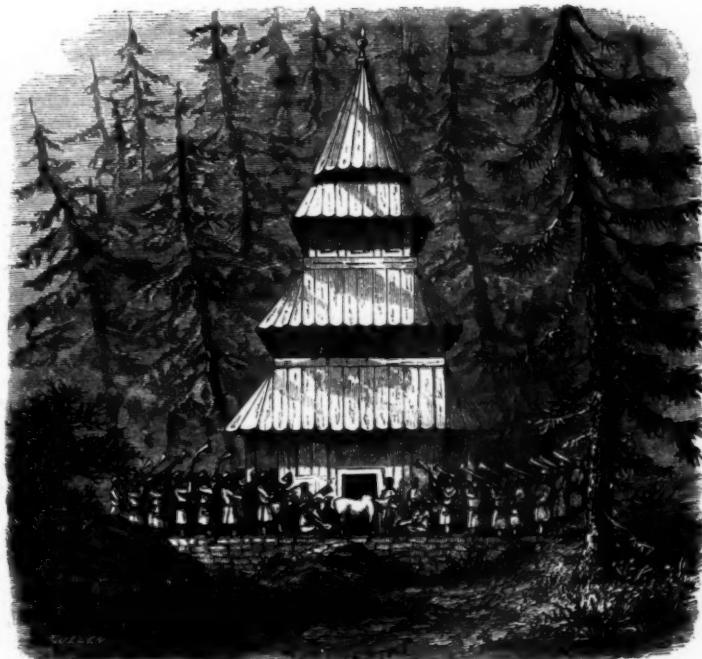


THE DEVIL-GOD IS TAKEN OUT WITH TRUMPETS AND SHAWMS.

especially, being remarkably comely, and more notorious for their fine faces and figures than for their virtue. Both sexes dress in excellent taste. The men wear a crimson or black woollen skull-cap, with a roll round the head, and usually some straw ornament or flower on

Kulu men are allowed more wives than one, and, as the females do most of the field labor except ploughing, the more wives a man can provide for the better off he is. At the same time some of the women marry several husbands. When at Manali, Mr. Calvert was told of one who married three brothers, but the youngest soon destroyed himself from jealousy.

Among the productions of Kulu are wheat, Indian-corn, barley, cotton, tobacco (which is exported in great quantities), opium, rice, and potatoes. The fruits are also very fine and numerous; and the people raise large flocks of sheep and cattle. Mining is carried on to some extent, for the entire valley is very rich in precious metals; but, from the superstition of the natives against going into the earth farther than the sun can shine, gold-seeking is mostly confined to washing in the streams. Mr. Calvert tells of a very ingenious method which the people in the



SACRIFICE AT DUNGREE TEMPLE.

mountainous districts adopt for collecting gold-dust in the otherwise inaccessible precipices and ravines: "Previous to driving their flocks and herds of goats and sheep out to graze daily, they cover their feet with some gummy or glutinous matter, especially between the hoofs, and, on their being folded in the evening, wash it off every one; and from the dirt so gathered they actually derive some little amount of gold-dust collected from places where it would be impossible for human foot to climb. . . . This gold is, no doubt, produced by the disintegration of auriferous veins in the rocks, which are for many months in the year subjected to heavy avalanches of snow and terrible storms; and their little store of gold affords them some small ornament for the ears or noses of their females, or is kept as a last resource in time of want." All the rivers in the Punjab, except the Ravi, produce gold, the Indus in particular; but there must be vast deposits of it in the adjacent mountains, which scientific mining will add to the world's present store.

Kulu lies in the immediate neighborhood of the Holy Valley, famous as the centre of Hindoo devoteeism, and has always partaken of its sanctity. Numerous temples and altars, most of them in ruins, and some of them many centuries old, are scattered over the valley, and, together with curious old forts and mysterious artificial caves in the mountains, give a special interest to its antiquities. At one time it must have been one of the chief centres of religious worship, and perhaps, like Orissa, the scene of pious pilgrimages from all parts of India. At present the faith of the people seems to be: "Keep on good terms with the devil, and God will never do you any harm." Accordingly all their worship is offered to the devil-gods, *davis*, or juggernauts, who own* nearly two-thirds of the entire area of land under cultivation. There are about one hundred and fifty of these devil-gods in the valley, and twice a year they come together from all parts of Kulu and the adjacent country for a three days' fair or feast on the Maidan, or fair-ground, near Sultanpur. Here they all muster, accompanied by "tum-toms," trumpets, and shawms, which are perpetually braying. Hour after hour this awful din continues, until each god has paid his respects to the other village gods, when they separate for the night in various parts of the Maidan. At night each party bivouacs out, there being much feasting and noise round a fire; and, as the evening advances, the din gradually becomes less, and the debauchery greater, being only comparable to a small "Bartlemy Fair."

The construction of the village juggernaut, or devil-god, is in this way: A kind of ornamental chair is supported on four men's shoulders by long bamboos; the chair is covered with rich silks or shawls, with deep fringes of silver or gold, and, where the back-cushion is usually placed in our chairs, are fixed from three to ten or more silver masks or faces of various sizes, according to the

* Throughout India, all the sacred ground is owned by the gods directly, not indirectly through church functionaries as with us.

wealth of the village to which it belongs, or the value of its landed endowments. The masks have the eyes and the other features rudely painted on the silver. Below this chair is a large receptacle or bag, hid by the ornamental drapery, in which the donations to the devil, and the food of the priests, and followers, are carried.

The devil, however, does not confine himself to the generous donations which he receives on all hands. He must keep the "wallet" full at any cost. If it rains too much, or does not rain at all, he can, in either case, find an excuse, and out the whole procession marches, climbing the mountain-side, and turning out the farmer's wife something in this way: "No rain! Who wonders at it? You had large crops last time, and never sent a bit of corn. Your sheep dropped plenty, but you never sent the devil one lamb. Now I want one rupee eight annas! Ah! it's no use your saying you have only one rupee in the world; I'll soon turn out the pot underground with the money in it. I've spoken to the devil, and he says it is such as you that keep the rain away." This is the kind of extortion practised, and, as the villagers have

image of Jugganath is a single block of wood about six feet in length and the same in girth, formed into a bust. As long as his progress is down the steps of the temple, all goes smoothly; but as the block is of some weight, it is no easy matter to get him through the deep mud of the level street. To effect this the lower part of the image is always somewhat rounded, and the attendants swing him backward and forward till the oscillatory motion is deemed sufficient, when those in front, who hold a rope tied round his waist, give a pull, those behind a push, and his godship is thus hitched on a few yards, when there is a pause to allow the chowrie-bearers to flap away the flies and the fan-bearers to cool the god after his exertion.

Then another pull and a swing, a shove and a shout; and this is repeated again and again, till he is dragged up the inclined plane into his car. His chest, containing all his requisites for his journey, is then brought out. In this are not only his clothes and food, but his *hands* and *feet*, which he uses as we mortals do our boots and gloves—to be put on only when wanted; and after being washed and dressed he should of course proceed on his journey. I was present on one occasion when the greater Jugganath was taken out for a little recreation in the open air. Nearly the whole day was spent in getting him from his temple into the car; but, once mounted on the platform, and dressed in his robes, it was hoped that the most serious obstacles had been overcome. The fates, however, were not propitious to the poor god, for the next morning the car had advanced only a few yards, and stuck fast in the mud. That night it ran up against a house, and as there was no means of turning the car, they were obliged to pull the house down and pass over the ruins; and, as besides this the roads were heavy, the god was three days in reaching his country-house, the Goundicha Nour, at the distance of half a mile from the temple."

Near Manali, one of the largest towns in Kulu, in the forest on the adjacent hill-side, hid in a grove of deodar-pines, stands the Temple of Dungree, at which Mr. Calvert was present on the occasion of a large festival and sacrifice in 1869, when a buffalo and one hundred and fifty sheep and goats were sacrificed in front of the Juggernaut. This temple is built almost entirely of deodar-timber, and is erected over a huge projecting rock. It is said to be over six hundred years old. The front is elaborately carved, but some of the subjects, as is commonly the case in these old temples, were so grossly indecent that they could not be copied in the admirable drawings and plans with which Mr. Calvert embellished his work.

A singular fact about these carvings is that they are maintained now under the protection of the British Government. Any open immorality among the people themselves is put down with a firm hand; but the temple sculptures, which have little connection with present religion, but simply perpetuate the worst features of the old faith, are tolerated and even sanctioned by one of those curious legal compromises which characterized the Indian policy of John Company.

The sacrifice in this instance took place



JUGGERNAUT.

the greatest terror of *davi* and the priests, they frequently ruin themselves by their offerings, enabling a great number of "priests" to live in luxurious and profligate idleness.

These *davis*, or village gods, it must be borne in mind, are of an inferior order to the great Juggernauts of Puri and Orissa, who rise to the dignity of national deities, and are worshipped and venerated throughout India. Of these latter we find the following account in Fergusson's great work on the "Pictorial Architecture of Hindostan," which deserves to be better known than it is in this country:

"The images of the gods (Jugganath at Puri) are placed on a throne in the dark chamber under the great tower, where, of course, they are not visible to Europeans; but they are brought out once a year, when all the world may feast their eyes on their hideousness, and it would perhaps be difficult to imagine a scene in which the ludicrous and the absurd so completely overpower the sublimity that must always accompany an earnest act of adoration on the part of many thousand human beings, who are usually congregated there on such occasions. The

under the patronage of a German, and is thus described by Mr. Calvert: "The people having assembled from all parts of the valley and the adjacent villages, dressed in their handsomest dresses and jewels, the head-men and the priests assembled in front of the temple amid the shouts of the people, the bellowing of trumpets and horns, the shrill screech of the pipe, and the beating of drums and cymbals.

"Having cleared half a circle round the door, the priests sat down on the stone-paved ground, and began chanting and jabbering some invocation to the devil-god that I could not understand. To increase their excitement, a dish—always provided and carried before the god—was brought, and fire put in it; on the fire a quantity of some wild herb was thrown, which produced volumes of smoke, over which the performers held their heads till the blood came into their eyes and an intoxicated excitement overcame them. Suddenly they all let their long hair fall loose and shook it over their faces, and swung their heads round and round, giving them a most demoniacal expression. Presently the buffalo was brought up, and I left the place. As I descended the hill I heard the repeated *thuds* of the heavy cutlass and other weapons on the devoted buffalo, who was eventually hacked to pieces; the shrieks of the females compelled to look on, the noise of the drums and shouting, were deafening, and I was told by a Eurasian who was there, that he nearly fainted from sickness at the sight before he could extricate himself from the crowd, the whole place flowing with blood.

"After the sacrifice, the whole people removed farther up the hill, where, still under the delightful shade of the forest, they indulged in racing, wrestling, and jumping. The gay attire of the women, who sat on a raised dais or amphitheatre of stone—sort of private or 'dress-circle'—was nicely contrasted against the dark foliage of the trees behind, and the gay drapery and silver ornaments of the visiting gods added to the brilliancy of the scene. At short distances in the more retired parts of the forest were placed the 'toddy' shops for the sale of bang and other intoxicating liquors, and for worse purposes."

The scenery of Kulu, as described by Mr. Calvert, resembles that of our Lower California valleys with which the letters of correspondents have already made us familiar; but we will not follow him farther in his interesting journey through this interesting region. The portions of his book which we have summarized are valuable, even to American readers, as indicating the character and customs of the famous "hill tribes" occupying that section of India which seems destined in the not distant future to be the great battle-ground for supremacy in Asia.

C. H. JONES.

GERMAN SONGS.

SYDNEY SMITH said that, if London should be destroyed by an earthquake, the survivors would be sure to meet somewhere among the ruins, and dine in honor of

the occasion. It is equally certain that, should the same disaster befall Berlin or Vienna, those who remained alive would forthwith join in a grand impromptu chorus to celebrate the event. For every occurrence of more than very ordinary significance appears to strike any collection of Germans as a proper cause for lifting up their voices in more or less harmonious accord.

This general tendency to solace themselves with *Georg* seems to have been an attribute of the race at the time of our earliest acquaintance with them. When the army of Marius and the great horde of the Teutons were opposed to each other, on the night before the battle of Aqua Sextiae, the Romans were appalled at hearing a deep, low roar, going up from the German camp—sounding, to their ears, like the distant cries of fierce wild beasts. These terrific sounds, which had such a demoralizing effect upon the unappreciative Italian auditory, were, in all probability, choice selections from the *répertoires* of the "brag voices" in the northern host, performed with a view to the promotion of general enjoyment and good-fellowship, or, as their descendants would say, *Gemüthlichkeit*.

During the twelfth, thirteenth, and part of the fourteenth centuries, Germany did not differ greatly in this respect from the rest of Europe; for the minstrel spirit was then universal in the southern, western, and central portions of that continent, and wandering bards were singing their lays all over Christendom. Walter von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and all the great minne-singers of Germany, belonged to the same general class with the *Confrérie des Meistrers*, or whatever else they were called in Provence, Northern France, England, Italy, or Spain; and the gradual decline of the order was simultaneous in every land wherein it had existed.

But while the other countries have never, at any subsequent time, been so full of vocal melody, and seem now to have lost it almost entirely, the change in Germany was merely one of kind, and not at all of degree. The minne-singers went out of fashion as the modern system of society began to be formed. But they were succeeded, after a short period of transition, by the meister-singers, the song-makers of those towns and cities that were then rising into importance, and forming nuclei, around which a large portion of the scattered population was becoming concentrated. Their songs were even more popular than those of their predecessors, and many of them—such, for instance, as the Nuremberg cobblers' "*Schlauraffenland*"—are still widely known.

Since the meister-singer age, innumerable songs have continued to be brought forth, all over Germany, down to the present time, and their hold upon the affections of the people, instead of being shaken, appears rather to have increased and strengthened with their growth.

It is easy to see the connection between these different kinds of songs, and to notice how one class after another grew out of that which prevailed in the preceding age. Hans Sachs, the "shoemaking rhymester" of Nuremberg—who may be considered one of the

greatest meister-singers—modelled many of his productions on those of the noted minne-singer, Walter von der Vogelweide; and the same thing is plainly observable in a large number of other cases. In their turn, too, the meister-singers were imitated by their successors, and particularly by some great song-makers who lived at a comparatively recent period. Goethe did this openly, and, in acknowledging the source from which he borrowed, pays it a high tribute of earnest praise. In his "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*" he says: "In order to find a congenial poetical soil on which we could plant our foot in order to discover an element in which we could breathe freely, we had to go back a few centuries, when solid capabilities rose splendidly from a chaotic condition; and thus we entered into friendly intercourse with the poetry of those by-gone ages. The minne-singers were too far removed from us. We would first have had to study their language, and that did not suit us. Our object was to live, and not to learn. Hans Sachs, the truly masterly poet, was nearest to us. A genuine talent, although not in the manner of those knights and courtiers; but a quaint citizen, even as we boasted of being! His didactic realism agreed with our tendency; and we used, on many occasions, his easy rhythm, his facile rhyme." In his "*Hans Sachsens poetische Sendung*," also, he again speaks, with real enthusiasm, of this poet of the people, and condemns, most vehemently, those who did not fully recognize his merit.

It seems more than probable, too, that Goethe borrowed largely from other song-makers of the olden time; just as he worked up the material of the old Faust-plays into a magnificent modern drama. Karl Blind expresses this opinion in a recently-published sketch, and illustrates his view, in part, by comparing poor Gretchen's heart-broken cry—"My peace is gone, my heart is sore!"—with this (somewhat modernized) verse from a poem by Muscatblüt, one of the earliest meister-singers:

"Herz, Muth und Sinn
Sehnt sich dahin,
Wo meine Gewalt
So manigfalt
Sich ganz hat hingekehrt.
Mein freier Will
Ist worden still;
Mein stäfer Muth
Mich trauen that:
Mein Herz ist ganz versehert."

These lines are accompanied, in the sketch before mentioned, by the following translation:

"With grief o'erborne,
And anguish torn,
My soul and heart
Would fain depart
Where each sad thought a captive dwells.
My once free will
Is quelled and still;
My constant breast
By woes oppressed;
My heart with hopeless misery swells."

Any one who has thoroughly studied the subject of German songs cannot have failed to notice a strong resemblance in their general tone and structure, from the earliest instances down to those of the present day, or to perceive that the only variations in form

which occur during the different historic periods, never materially affect the spirit which pervades them all. Even those in which the language is too ancient to be generally understood, at this time, exhibit a striking similarity, in meaning and form, to the most modern folk-songs. In examining those that are popular to-day, then, we really have before us the same object of devotion that has, throughout their whole history, exercised such a strong influence upon the minds and hearts of all Germans. And it does not matter whether they be *Volkslieder* or *Dichterlieder*—folk-songs or poet-songs. For there is a remarkable unity in the tone and character of the two classes which proves that each was derived, by a different process, from one common source; and we can easily imagine the German soldiers on the march, singing the old *Volkslied*:

"O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, wie grün sind deine Blätter!" and then joining with equal gusto in some noble song by the great and true *Dichter*, Uhland. That poet has himself beautifully expressed this idea in his "*Dornröschen*" allegory, typifying German poesy by the enchanted princess in the fairy-tale, whom the poets of his country, under the guise of knights and princes, have ever sought to reach and set free.

In the United States a real knowledge of this subject is not at all general. It is true, a great many German songs are published by American music-dealers, and sung—usually under an English form—by innumerable amateur musicians. But they are almost all of one kind, and are by no means favorable specimens. In fact, after they have undergone the dilution of a "translation," they are generally vapid and meaningless enough to be denominated "sweet things," and warbled unceasingly by damsels with little taste, and, if possible, less voice. In many cases, too, the singers have no idea that the music was ever used in connection with any other words than those English ones which they themselves sing. Yet, even among these hackneyed and much-abused lays, there are some (such, for example, as "*Hoch vom Dachstein an*," or "*Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn*"), which still retain, in spite of machine-translations and universal murdering, some of that simple beauty and natural pathos, which even the least meritorious German ballads are seldom entirely without. But those which are truly national and characteristic have had comparatively little circulation among us. It is true, our own attempts in the same direction have, so far, been restricted to little more than two or three heavy patriotic performances, fitted to airs that properly belong to foreign drinking-songs, or something equally inappropriate. Notwithstanding this total absence of the Tyrtaeus element in our characters, however, few people have ever had a stronger natural taste for vocal music, or a greater ability to appreciate it. And nothing could afford a better field for the exercise of such taste and appreciation than the subject of this sketch; for the songs of Germany are equal, if not superior, to those of any other country in the world. This is clearly due to the fact that

the Germans have undergone so little change in the general tone of their thoughts and feelings, and have retained unimpaired, to a great extent, the vigor and freshness of fancy that characterize all strong and intelligent races during the earlier stages of their civilization. The great natural fitness of their language for lyrical composition also tends to produce the same effect. But this is merely another phase of the reason just stated. For the language also has preserved its primitive strength and sweetness in the same way, and to an equal degree.

There is a half-barbaric fire in the German martial songs, a wild, burning passion, or else a simple and childlike tenderness, in the lays of love, and a certain nameless thrill, like that in the voices of birds or the cry of an untamed forest-creature, in those about a free, wandering, open-air life, that it would, in every case, be very hard to surpass in any other modern, civilized tongue. And, in listening to those that tell of grief and pain, of yearning for rest, or of the home-sorrow's anguish, there comes to us a strange, indefinable heartache, that drives away all thoughts of other things, and moves us wonderfully with its mystic power. There is, in these songs, something like that magnetic influence we often find in the pure cadences of a little child's voice; but with it, too, the impress of the deepest feelings a strong man's soul can know. Indeed, it may be said of them that they are full to overflowing of the truest poetry.

It is natural that such songs should have played a very striking part in the history of the German people. All through the middle ages every great popular movement was powerfully influenced by the songs that prevailed at the time; and, in more modern days, the same thing is observable to quite as great an extent. The grand national uprising against the French, that did so much toward breaking Napoleon's power, was rife with the inspiration of song, and the whole country then rang with the noble lyrics of Körner, Schenckendorf, Arndt, and a host of others. This was the case, too, immediately before the late war with France, when "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," Niclas Becker's *Rheinlied*—"*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben*"—and hundreds more, helped to keep the flame of patriotism brightly burning.

It is in this respect, even more than from an esthetic point of view, that the German songs possess a particular interest for the people of other countries. And there is one class which is especially important—the republican songs of 1848 and the succeeding years. Though seldom heard in public now, they are far from being forgotten. On the night when the republican leaders met for the last time, after all hope of present success was gone, they sang together the grand anthem, by Vinzel, "*Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus*." And none the less strong and true to-day is the spirit of its close:

"Die Form ist zerbrochen
Von außen herein.
Doch was man d'rin gerochen
Ist ettel Dunst und Schein."

"Das Band ist zerschnitten,
War schwarz, roth, und Gold,"

Und Gott es hat gelitten,
Wer weiss was er gewollt.

"Das Haus mag zerschnellen
Was hat's denn für Noth?
Der Geist lebt in uns Allen,
Und unsre Burg ist Gott."

Though it is always hazardous, if not absolutely useless, to try to reproduce, in another language, the true force and fervor of German poetry, yet the following attempt at a translation may possibly give some idea of the spirit contained in these verses:

"The form has been shattered,
From outward brought low;
But caught its downfall mattered,
Save idle, fleeting show.

"The bond is divided—
The black, red, and gold;
God has for all provided,
His purpose He'll unfold.

"The house they may shiver,
We bow 'neath the rod;
The spirit lives forever,
And our strong fort is God."

The royal houses of Germany have learned many things during the last half-century. They and their advisers—Prince Metternich, especially, in Austria, and, of later years, Prince Bismarck in Prussia—seem to have thoroughly studied the lesson of how to deceive the people and trick them out of their independence by a specious show of carrying out their wishes. But, in one respect, they have not showed their usual sagacity. Leaving out the single instance of the efforts that were made by the Austrian court to buy over Count Auersperg (*Anastasius Grün*) with public honors and profits, they have not yet taken any measures of importance toward conciliating and using the men who made those songs that were heard everywhere throughout Germany, at a time when nearly all the thrones in Europe were tottering. Indeed, Kaiser Wilhelm, before he had become the King of Prussia, used every means within his power to prescribe and persecute them. At his instance, or certainly through his influence, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, one of the purest and most learned men of the age, was driven out of his position, as a university professor, for the crime of making songs that were full of a noble poetry and the true spirit of freedom; while Harres, Herwegh, and other poet-patriots, were treated with even a greater degree of severity for the same offence. The German republicans have little cause of any kind to love or honor their new emperor—he who received the title of "*der Kartaetschen Prinz*," from his connection with the brutal slaughter of their unarmed friends and relatives in the streets of Berlin; and, even if he should attempt it, he would, without doubt, find it very hard to induce the true poets among them to make songs in his praise.

But the Kaiser and his ministers are, in reality, only preparing the ground and paving the way for the great revolutionary movement that must surely come at last. Just what came to pass in France two centuries ago, and had happened in England before that, is evidently taking place in Germany to-day. The monarchy is absorbing all the power of the realm, and so beginning to present a single obstacle in the way of the people's liberty, an

obstacle that will be overwhelmed as King Canute would have been, on his throne at the water's edge, if he had not drawn back before the resistless tide. And, when that long-looked-for time comes, and the cry of "Freiheit" is ringing all over the Fatherland, the ominous tramp of a countless host will keep time to some great, earnest chant, like that which arose from the untrained, half-armed peasant-bands, as they marched to death in the days of old:

"Es muss seyn, liebe Brüder, es muss seyn!"

W. W. CRANE.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF KHIVA.

BY HERMANN VAMBURG, PROFESSOR OF EASTERN LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PRUSSIA.

THE small tract of country corresponding to the lower course of the Oxus, and whose turn it is now to lose its independence through the southward encircling march of Russian columns, is considerably the smallest and least attractive of the various khanates which in the aggregate make up Toorkistan. Situated opposite that bank of the Oxus, at the point whence this river bends in a north-westerly direction toward the Sea of Aral, the khanate of Khiva extends lengthways barely two hundred geographical miles. Its greatest breadth (near Kortchek) is only twenty-five geographical miles at the most. Consideration of this fact lends color to the saying that the real Khiva may be held to extend only as far as the waters of the Oxus can be directed, whether by canalization natural or artificial.

Inasmuch as the right bank of the Oxus is higher than the left, and also because of its abutting upon an unclaimed and uncultivated strip of land, this part of Khiva only serves as a pasture-ground for neighboring nomadic tribes. When we speak of Khiva, therefore, we must restrict our meaning to signify the left bank, where the extension of the land and the measure of its agricultural produce conform with nomadic wants; where life-sustaining irrigation can be made to dominate over the natural sandy expanse. In the middle ages, Khiva, or *Charem*, as it was then called, must have possessed a better system of irrigation than now; for not only was its population one-third greater, but in pre-Islamic times it possessed a mental culture celebrated throughout the East. That culture caused the ancient pre-Islamic Charens to be lauded through the whole expanse of Iran. After this small strip of territory, conterminous with the lower Oxus, had been forcibly converted to Mohammedanism, discord came upon the land along with the new form of religious belief. The Tahiri had occupied (though a foreign dynasty) the throne up to the end of the ninth century. They unfortunately on many occasions, inspired by lust of possession and of rule, had too frequently offered up the country's welfare a sacrifice to their own plans. Under the Seljukids matters went still worse, and when at length the Khivan princes began, under support of the dominant faith, to lend assistance to particular states, then continuous wars brought the entire country to a most deplorable condition. Rough Mongolian hordes laid the territory waste with fire and sword. Wreaking destruction wherever they came, these barbarians willy-nilly obliterated Khiva from the list of Toorkoman dominions.

The restless and warlike life inaugurated by the Dschengardars, was followed up to recent times by their descendants and representatives, the Usbeks, almost without intermission.

The wars which devastated Khiva throughout this long period of time were either extraneous, i. e., with Bokhara, with whose might Khiva was not powerful enough to successfully cope, or else were the result of civil strife which prevailed at short intervals. Wherever a cultured population becomes surrounded by whole hordes of wild, adventurous nomadic tribes, there can be no longer any reasonable hope of peace and rest. The individual who possesses neither house nor home is unquestionably more covetous than a fixed husbandman. The aim of such a one is to make up for the deprivations pressing upon him by laying violent hands upon the property of his more favored neighbor. Plunder, robbery, forcible possession of whole districts, forthwith become the rule of life—the order of the day. Beginning with a simple raid or exploit of cattle-lifting, the strife not unfrequently went on to the laying waste of an entire district, and the discomfiture of its settled population. In this way it has come about that, during the last three centuries gone by, Khiva has been the prey of Calmucks, Cossacks, Karakalpaks, Tomutes, and Usbeks; representatives of each nomadic race having laid hands successively upon the throne. It is only since the beginning of the present century that one and the same dynasty has succeeded in maintaining an unbroken regal succession. The members of this dynasty are of true Usbeg origin, belonging to the tribe of Kungrat, the chief princes of which have succeeded in elevating themselves into a position of political importance through the successful repulse, by one, of a Russian attack, and through subjugation of the Toorkomans to obedience, thus winning the respect of Persia.

True mental culture is wholly unknown to Khivan potentates of later times, and a similar remark applies to every ruler of Central Asia. The history of Khiva reflects the ethnical conditions of its dominant race. The present Usbeks of Khiva are an honest, plain, simple folk, that, so far as moral qualities are concerned, resemble no others in Asia. As a mixed race, crossed with modern Turanian elements, they present a physique by which they may be discriminated from every other Central Asiatic population. Their complexion is extremely white, more particularly that of the women, who (a certain allowance being made for the almond-like set of their eyes) might readily be taken for natives of Suabia. The men are large-boned and sinewy, fellows with large heads and broad foreheads; fellows, moreover, whose beard-growth is nothing to boast of. Their solid footfall and heavy, rolling gait, when passing on with eyes half-closed and sleepy-looking, are bodily characteristics which harmonize perfectly with Khivan mental attributes. One has only to glance at an Usbeg, clad in native, uncouth dress, to feel at once assured that the eye rests upon no European, however uncultured, but some true Asiatic. The articles of that uncouth dress are as follow: viz., a clumsy fur cap for the head, a sort of thickly-wadded dressing-gown coverlet for the body; and, to protect the lower extremities of his nether limbs, the Khivan Usbeg rejoices in boots, not fitted to measure, but quilted out to majestic size with either straw, or, if a "swell," some few yards of calico. Further be pleased to understand, in the Khivan gentleman's boots, sole and upper leather are all of one piece; and now you have him.

Heavy eyes, solid footfall, and lumbering gait notwithstanding, I do not exactly find it in my heart to call the Usbeg a lazy fellow. Gentle reader, student for the nonce of Usbeg

men and manners, suppose you and I just roam into a *havli*, to use a native word, which rendered into English may be translated farm-yard. Do not fail to note how luxuriantly green the sumach and dwarf-bean plants are. It is not altogether Nature's handiwork, for those lazy-looking Usbeks, working with primitive spade, alike regardless of summer blaze or wintry chill, have long since led the fertilizing Oxus through artificial water-ways of all dimensions to the cherished plants. Perhaps some slaves may come to view—ploughmen, as it may be, the plough with which they furrow the sandy soil being a mere pole studded with a sort of teeth; herdsmen it too may be, whose duty it is to drive their masters' sheep and camels to pasture. Slaves, however, are a luxury only compatible with the means of rich Khivans. The general run of land-owners work spade in hand winter and summer, month after month, with little intermission. Only the old *paternfamilias* it is who will be seen sitting on the pond-bank, shaded by his wide-spreading elms. Stay! perhaps we may add the farm-yard beadle, whose time is divided between keeping order and playing with the children. In converse with these old *patresfamilias* it was that I acquired my best store of acquaintance with Usbeg life and character. Picture to yourself, gentle reader, a certain man of fifty or sixty perhaps, wonderfully tranquil in motion as in speech, a man of high honor to all seeming, so slow of speech that he may just vouchsafe one reply to every three questionings—one who never speaks at all until you have spoken; who never falls into a passion, who never laughs, whose every third word will convey either some Usbeg moral or point of native philosophy; not that he plumes himself upon these things at all, only using them because they are supposed to accord with his age and standing. Figure to yourself all this, and you have before you a staid Khivan Usbeg. It is impossible to convey a notion of the feeling of *bizarre* antediluvianism the converse of such old fellows as these awakened within me—men before whose eyes the world's progress might have been made manifest, yet in whom was to be found no one spark, no atom, so to speak, of European influence. Then and there the fact came home to me that I was indeed in Central Asia, a conviction that neither Japan nor China, neither the Malayan Archipelago, nor, indeed, any other part of Asia, is able any longer to convey.

Occasionally, in the course of conversation, some religious topic may be handled, but, for the most part, discourse will take an agricultural turn, or else be directed to such subjects as the political state of Toorkomania, or the last caravan robbery. By your leave, gentle reader, you must swallow cups of tea without number, between talk and talk. It is sugarless, and reputed good for digestion, so one is supposed to drink a lot of it. Hot the beverage will be served to you, but pray don't blow—shake it about till cool enough to drink, such being the etiquette of Khiva. Presently will be brought a cloth containing fruit, fresh in summer, in winter dried. The Khivans are wonderful at fruit-eating between meals. You must eat much would you be polite, and whether it be pegging into the fruit, or extracting tidbits of *pillau*, a heavy consumption on your part will be rewarded by such looks and gestures of satisfaction by your host, that you cannot fail to be encouraged to do likewise for the future. To complete our picture of Khivan rural life we must put in the children, old-fashioned looking little things, conspicuous for their large, melon-formed caps. There they will be clinging to knees, or clambering upon shoulders, after the fashion of children elsewhere. How the little creatures do stare out of their large, black eyes at a stranger to be

sure, and if that stranger chances to be a dervish, which was just my case, how, after a little time, confidence being established, they will begin to play with the beads of one's rosary!

And how about the ladies? If not there, they will be thereabout, peeping at the stranger from behind trees and other posts of concealment. To mark the curiosity and wonderment their looks convey: What! a man without projecting cheek-bones—without almond eyes—one who, being evidently foreign, has not a long, black Persian beard—what sort of man can he be? How many tales of strange zones and outlandish places my presence originated in the wonder-smitten minds of Khivan ladies! At length increasing courage banishes feminine reserve. Out a lady will come from her concealment, and actually address the wondrous stranger. When he replies in passably good Usbeg speech, then her wonder attains its climax. He is a queer man, indeed! Mutual confidence being at length established, the womankind, just now so reserved, will unloose their tongues with a vengeance, asking you questions without end, some of the very plainest. Curiosity is an attribute of Eve's daughter all the wide world over. The more primitive the race and manners, the more pointed are these feminine interrogatories, and, if I may add, the more embarrassing to respondent.

In an ancient stronghold of barbarity, in a land of most repulsive cruelty, where the very air is full of shrieks of tortured slaves—where blood often flows in streams—there shall the reader gaze upon a picture where poetry mingles with the softest traits and purest characteristics of an ancient patriarchal life. For many centuries past, Khiva has been celebrated for its music and song, its poetry and troubadours. In Bokhara the stork, in Khiva the nightingale, is the favorite bird. This I heard in Turkey, and, in truth, I subsequently found the plaintive warbler no less markedly frequent in Khiva than its absence had been noteworthy in Bokhara. As I would take a morning walk in the month of June, under the garden-walls of the Usbeg capital, out of almost each one of the thickly-leaved trees would gush the melodious, plaintive song of some gray-feathered *virtuoso*, giving me a morning concert *gratis*. "The nightingale has been the music-master through long years to the entire Khivan population;" thus runs the adage, which, whether true or not, it is still an historical fact that, for centuries past, the best singers, violin and guitar players, known at Constantinople, Ispahan, Lahore, and the ancient Fergana (where they acquired and still acquire princely favor and corresponding pay), were and are Khivans. Just as a traveller in Italy may sometimes hear most excellent music in a low pot-house, so in Khiva would he be similarly delighted by song and instrumental music under the shade of garden-walls, or even in the open country. Not less generally diffused is the taste for recitation and poetry. In these accomplishments the women specially excel, and, when a stranger comes to understand the somewhat difficult rhythm, he readily attests the lyrical excellence of these native compositions. I have seen whole collections of this Usbeg poetry. The lyrics usually manifest the current traits of Oriental thought. Not often can they be said to show much originality, yet for women of a barbarous land to cultivate the muses at all is a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. The *Mâimes*, those of mature age particularly, have often surprised me by the force of their parables, their many tales embodying moral precepts or traits of Khivan life.

In the midst of a prosaic, commonplace state of existence, sometimes now a picture of my Khivan experience will be reproduced before the mind's eye—that picture of a prim-

itive life, with all its traits so grotesque and bizarre, with all its lights and shades. I see the bazaar smallware-man displaying his Russian rattans, English fancy ware, bright-colored cloths, looking straight before him with inexpressible tranquillity when the Toorkoman woman from the steppe hurries in his direction, anxiously gazing upon the various goods as though they comprised the totality of all earthly treasure. I see the armorer and hardware-merchant, as he proves the sharpness of his blades by running their edges across his finger-nail, proclaiming by his sparkling eye how excellent his goods all are. Mark that fellow in yonder small booth, gray-bearded, shabbily attired. See how mysterious, how uncanny he looks out of his heavily-shaded eyes! That one is a quack doctor, who bears about with him his many chemicals and galenicals, stored in bags large and small, in wooden boxes ditto, in many-tinted vessels of ancient form. In these receptacles one would find dried roots, plants, rhubarb, sarsaparilla, wonder-working decoctions, and last, though not least in importance, the inevitable opium paste. Woe betide the incautious patient who resorts to yonder quack for advice and medicine! To him well applies the Usbeg reasoning propounded in the question, "What can the doctor's art avail to one whose death the Almighty has decreed?" Close by the quacksalver's booth, what next do we see? A book-stall, to be sure, and a man of letters, whom we will not call a mere bookseller. He will bind you a book, transcribe you a book, and, to sum up all, he will publish you a book. Ah! what would I not give to have been able to spirit away to Europe one of these Usbeg book-stalls, with its manifold literary treasures! In those tawny-colored pamphlets of coarse paper, a whole repertory of literary wealth would be found concealed—Usbeg poetry and folklore, historical tracts, and other priceless documents. When tired, I would often drop into a tea-booth with companions, and thence, at my leisure, contemplate the varied scene without—more tranquil scene than would have been presented by any other capital of Central Asia.

Not less enjoyable was it to me to seat myself under the shade of some wide-spreading elm-tree near the bank of some reservoir, and watch the progress of amusement to which, in afternoon hours, certain of the public would resign themselves. Yonder little group, each individual with inevitable teacup in hand, gossiping with a neighbor. Another little group is watching the issue of a duel between a pair of lusty rams, which butt each other with fury. Blows are counted, noted, and betting goes on as to which gentleman will get second best off. Usbeg rams are uncommonly thick-pated. It is quite astonishing what a number of attacks will be made before heads are broken—forty or fifty sometimes. In all these *al-fresco* meetings there is sure to be one group of improvisatores and story-tellers. The speaker has not to complain of any want of attention while he relates his tales of by-gone heroes' exploits, of mystic lore, or his poetry. Young and old sit gaping with open mouths, until, perhaps, some speech more wonderful than the preceding excites the congregation to ecstasy, the recital of some deed of bravery inflaming their imaginations so that quiet listeners of a few moments ago run away shrieking.

The true national sports take place far from the towns, either on the pasture-grounds or on the monotonous sand-steppe in the months of spring, when the sun is in the sign of Aries. Then comes the Noruz feast, a remnant of ancient Parsee culture. The population, clad in holiday attire, all then go to feed the sacred flame. Presents are then made, and mutual gratulations interchanged. Then singing and dancing go on day after day, until night has some time fallen. Then

the Khivan youth, in serried columns, bear fuel to the sacred fire. They pile up the tamarisk-branches with many a superstitious observance. All who can, deck their heads with flower-garlands, in which roses of all varieties play a conspicuous part. It is, indeed, an interesting sight to gaze upon naturally rough and uncouth Usbeks in such a flowery attire. Amusements upon the steppe, whether upon wedding occasions or otherwise, mostly consist either of running for prizes, the winner receiving from the giver of the feast often two, three, or even more presents; or else an equestrian game, in which some young girl plays chief part. There you see her on a wild, unsaddled horse, coursing madly over the sand. The prettiest girl is usually chosen for this sport, and she carries in her arms a young lamb. With this prize she gallops away, her horse kicking up thick clouds of sand; and the aim of the sport is that some young man shall succeed in winning the lamb from her. To succeed is no easy matter, for the Amazon is armed with a stout whip, which right and left she lays about her lustily, until more than one youthful and hot-blooded aspirant for the prize gets many a red welt to show for his sport. I have often taken part in this Toorkoman recreation, and hence from experience can say that hardly any contest can be more exciting. "To horse! to horse!" is a standing cry of the Usbeks. Well-to-do people stick to their horses almost without intermission, just to raise themselves from mother earth by so much higher, to feel more free and of greater self-importance. There they sit, only just alighting to go through their formalities of prayer, and to proclaim their affinity with dust.

Unfortunately, I must cast a dark and melancholy shadow over our picture of Khivan life and manners. It is a reference to the government and political condition which bears the stamp of utmost despotism. A traveller in Khiva, and more especially while a city resident, is horrified by crimes which would never have been dreamed of in Europe, not even in the darkest middle ages. Captive women bound to horses' tails and dragged for hours together; old men deprived of sight; maiming, mutilation, throwing from towers down upon spikes or sharp stones; flaying alive—all these forms of torture are common, deeds executed by state command without scruple or remorse. Despots everywhere are afraid of their own shadows; nevertheless, in Khiva, the imposition of this iron hand does not interfere with a strong sense of loyalty and feeling of respect for the sovereign, whose person is regarded with a veritable religious piety. This excess of magisterial authority has not contributed to soften the tone of Khivan manners. Taking this situation of the people into account, we must desire all success to the progress of Russian arms. Under a well-directed and solid government, Usbeg life in Khiva might offer a picture of tranquillity and honorable companionship such as may now be witnessed in Kazan and among the Crimean Tartars.—*Leisure Hour*

CAPRI.

We can hardly wonder at the love of artists for Capri, for, of all the winter resorts of the south, Capri is beyond question the most beautiful. Physically indeed it is little more than a block of limestone which has been broken off by some natural convulsion from the promontory of Sorrento, and changed by the strait of blue water which now parts it from the main-land into the first of a chain of islands which stretch across the Bay of Naples. But the same forces which severed it from the continent have given a grandeur and variety to its scenery which contrast in a strangely picturesque way with the narrow-

ness of its bounds. There are few coast-lines which can rival in sublimity the coast-line around Capri; the cliff-wall of sheer rock broken only twice by little dips which serve as landing-places for the island, and pierced at its base by "blue grottos" and "green grottos," which have become famous from the strange play of light within their depths. The reader of Hans Andersen's "*Improvatore*" will remember one of these caverns as the scene of its closing adventure; but, strange as Andersen's description is, it is far less strange than the scene which he sketches, the deep-blue light which turns the rocks into turquoise and emerald, or the silvery look of the diver as he plunges into the waves. Twice in their course the cliffs reach a height of thirteen hundred feet above the sea, but their grandeur is never the barren grandeur of our northern headlands; their sternest faces are softened with the vegetation of the south; the myrtle finds root in every cranny, and the cactus clings to the bare rock-front from summit to base. A cliff-wall hardly inferior in grandeur to that of the coast runs across the midst of the island, dividing it into an upper and a lower plateau, with no means of communication save the famous rock stairs, the "Steps of Anacapri," soon to be replaced by a daring road which is being driven along the face of the cliff. The upper plateau of Anacapri is cold and without any striking points of scenery, but its huge mass serves as an admirable shelter to Capri below, and it is with Capri that the ordinary visitor is alone concerned. The first thing which strikes one is the smallness of the place. The whole island is only some four miles long and a mile and a half across, and, as we have seen, a good half of this space is practically inaccessible. But it is just the diminutive size of Capri which becomes one of its greatest charms. It would be hard, in fact, to find any part of the world where so much and such varied beauty is packed into so small a space. The visitor who lands from Naples or Sorrento mounts steeply up the slopes of a grand amphitheatre, flanked on either side by the cliffs of St. Michael and Anacapri, to the white line of the village on the central ridge, with the strange Saracenic domes of its church lifted weirdly against the sky. Over the crest of this ridge a counter-valley falls as steeply to the south till it reaches a plateau crowned with the gray mass of a convent, and then plunges over crag and cliff back again to the sea. To the east of these central valleys a steep rise of ground ends in the ruins of the Palace of Tiberius and the great headland which fronts the headland of Sorrento. Everywhere the forms of the scenery are on the largest and boldest scale. The great conical Tors, Tuoro-grande and Tuoro-piccolo, the boldly-scarped rock of Castiglione with its crown of medieval towers, lead up the eye to the huge cliff-wall of Anacapri, where, a thousand feet above, the white hermitage on Monte Solaro glimmers out fitfully from its screen of cloud. Among the broken heights to the east or in the two central valleys there are a hundred different walks and a thousand different nooks, and each walk and nook has its own independent charm. Steeply clothed from top to bottom in the thick greenery of the lemon or orange; sudden breaks like that of Metromania, where a blue strip of sea seems to have been cunningly let in among the rocks; backgrounds of tumbled limestone, slopes dusty gray with wild-cactus; thickets of delightful greenery, where one lies hidden in the dense scrub of myrtle and arbutus; olive-yards creeping thrifly up the hill-sides, and over the cliffs and down every slope, and into every rock-corner where the Caprese peasant-farmer can find footing; homesteads of gray stone with low-domed Oriental roofs on which women sit spinning, their figures etched out against the sky; gardens where

the writhed fig-trees stand barely waiting for the foliage of the spring; nooks amid broken bowlders, and vast fingers of rock, with the dark mass of the carouba flinging its shade over them; heights from which one looks suddenly northward and southward over a hundred miles of sea—this is Capri. The sea is everywhere. At one turn its waters go flashing away unbroken by a single sail toward the far-off African coast, where the Caprese boatmen are coral-fishing through the hot summer months; at another the eye ranges over the tumbled mountain-masses above Amalfi to the dim sweep of coast where the haze hides the temples of Paestum; at another the Bay of Naples opens suddenly before us, Vesuvius and the blue deep of Castellamare and the white city-line along the coast seen with a strange witchery across twenty miles of clear air.

Beautiful as the place is, it is luckily dull enough to escape the rush of visitors which is fast turning every nook of the Riviera into a little Brighton. There is as yet no kind of society; the strangers are few; an English resident or two, a dozen winter exiles, half a dozen artists, make up the foreign world of Capri. The casual Yankee girl who runs over to "do" the Blue Grotto votes the place a bore in an hour or two, and sails off to the balls and cotillions of Nice. Even the rheumatic dowagers, the botanical young maidens, and the inevitable chaplain, who hover vulnerability over the pretty nooks of the world, find Capri too "uninteresting" for their swoop. Its one shop is the barber's shop in the Piazza, its one public building the communal round-house where the solitary offender against the laws of Capri may be seen playing cribbage through the lattice with the sympathizing loungers without. There is but a single road, and that still incomplete; and there are no wheeled vehicles beyond a single cart, the first which has appeared in Capri, and at which its children still stare as at a prodigy. The island is a paradise of silence for those to whom silence is a delight. One wanders about in the vineyards without a sound save the call of the vine-dressers; one lies on the cliff and hears a thousand feet below the dreamy wash of the sea. There is hardly the cry of a bird to break the spell; even the girls who meet one with a smile on the hill-side smile quietly and gravely in the southern fashion as they pass by. It is the stillest place that the sun shines on; but, with all its stillness, it is far from being the home of boredom which the American girl votes it. There are, in fact, few places in the world so full of interest. The artist finds a world of "studies" in its rifts and cliff-walls, in the sailor groups along its beach, and the Greek faces of the girls in its vineyards. The geologist reads the secret of the past in its abruptly-tilted strata, in the deposit of volcanic ash, in the fossils and bones which Augustus set the fashion of collecting before geology was thought of. The historian and the archaeologist have a yet wider field. Brief as was the period of its historic glory, Capri is a perfect treasure-house of Roman remains. Twelve imperial villas were crowded into the little island, and the remains of two, the so-called "Palace" and "Baths" of Tiberius, still exist on the largest scale. But the whole island is a mass of broken fragments. One can hardly dig without coming on the wreck of Roman houses, on tessellated pavements, and marbles, and stuccoed walls, on hypocausts and drains, on urns and sepulchres. Every peasant has a handful of Roman coins to part with for a few soldi. In later remains, as might be expected, the island is far poorer; but the ruins of medieval castles crown the heights of Castiglione and Anacapri, and the mother church of San Costanzo, with its central dome supported by marble shafts from the ruins hard by, is an early specimen of Sicilian or southern

Italian architecture. Perhaps the most remarkable touch of the south is seen in the low stone vaults which form the roofs of all the older houses of Capri, and whose upper surface serves as a terrace, where the women gather in the sunshine in a way which brings home to one oddly the recollections of Syria and Jerusalem. For loungers of a steadily uninquiring order, however, there are plenty of amusements of a lighter sort. It is hard to spend a day more pleasantly than in boating beneath the cliffs of Capri, bobbing for "cardinals," cruising round the huge masses of the Faraglioni, as they rise like giants out of the sea, dipping in and out of the little grottos which stud the coast. On land there are climbs around headlands and "rock-work" for the adventurous, easy little walks with exquisite peeps of sea and cliff for the idle, sunny little nooks where the dreamer can lie buried in myrtle and arbutus. The life around one, simple as it is, has the color and picturesqueness of the south. The girl-faces which meet one on the hill-side are faces such as artists love. In the church the little children play about among the groups of mothers with orange kerchiefs on their heads and heavy silver rings on every finger. Strange processions with cowled faces and crucifix and banners borne aloft sweep into the piazza and up the church-steps. Old women with Sibyl-like faces sit spinning at their doors. Maidens with water-jars on their heads which might have been dug up at Pompeii; priests with broad hats and huge cloaks; sailors with blue shirts and red girdles; urchins who almost instinctively cry for a soldo and break into the Tarantella if you look at them; quiet, grave, farmer-peasants with the Phrygian cap; coral-fishers fresh from the African coast with tales of storm and tempest, and the Madonna's help—make up group after group of Caprese life as one looks idly on, a life not specially truthful perhaps, or moral, or high-minded, but sunny and pleasant and pretty enough, and harmonizing in its own pleasant way with the sunshine and beauty around.—*London Saturday Review*.

JEUX D'ESPRIT AGAINST WIVES.

It is also illustrative of a noble change in social taste and opinion that, instead of imputing a want of the nicest delicacy to some few sentences of our "Office for the Solemnization of Matrimony," Samuel Johnson regretted that the excessive refinement of the service rendered it inappropriate to weddings of an unromantic kind. "Talking of marriage in general," says the biographer, "he observed, 'Our marriage service is too refined. It is calculated only for the best kind of marriages; whereas we should have a form for matches of mere convenience, of which there are many.' He agreed with me that there was no absolute necessity for having the marriage service performed by a regular clergyman, for this was not commanded in Scripture."

It was on the occasion of this conversation that Boswell, blushing at his temerity in submitting verses of his own writing to the critical attention of his "illustrious friend," repeated to Dr. Johnson "the little epigrammatic song" which was subsequently set to music by "the very ingenious Mr. Dibdin," and published under the title of "A Matrimonial Thought."

"In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And called her dearest kitten."

"But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives;
Oh! by my soul, my dearest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives."

"It is very well, sir," said the illustrious friend, smiling condescendingly, ere he added, gravely, "but you should not swear." Out

of regard for the great man's religious sensibility, Boswell substituted, "Alas, alas," for "by my soul;" but, after the Censor Morum had departed forever from Fleet Street, the poet resumed his profane habit, and restored "by my soul" to its place in the humorous trifile.

Love and marriage were topics on which eighteenth-century writers of *vers de société*, more skilful in their art than Boswell, delighted to make merry. To one of them we are indebted for Celia's retort on the cynical dean:

"Cries Celia to a reverend dean,
'What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?'

"There are no women," he replied:
"She quick returns the jest;
'Woman there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.'"

The literature of epigrams and epitaphs comprises some of the smartest *jeux d'esprit* written by men against women, and by wives against their masters. The German poet, Besser, produced the epigram on Adam's sleep:

"He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman
'bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.'

To a German poet, also, we are indebted for the "Epitaph on a Scolding Woman," which has been rendered in English:

"Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her moulderling form,
Or else you'll raise another storm."

"*Soyer tranquille*" was the epitaph maliciously suggested for the monument which the French cook, of Crimean celebrity and whilom of the Reform Club, raised in Kensal-Green Cemetery over the grave of the virtuous Madame Soyer, whose good qualities the disconsolate *chef* commemorated in a grandiose and highly-sentimental inscription, respecting which Douglas Jerrold remarked, pithily, "Mock turtle."

To the credit of the fair sex let it be observed that the sharpest things engraved by widows on the tombs of their husbands were innocent of disdainful purpose. A good many years since, when that exemplary clergyman, the Rev. William Greenlaw, became rector of Woolwich, he found in the church-yard of his new cure a recently-erected tombstone, to the memory of a Woolwich tradesman, on which there had been inscribed, at the particular request of the dead man, the well-known lines:

"Youthful reader, passing by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me."

Beneath which lines there also appeared on the stone the following couplet, added by the widow and executrix of the dead:

"To follow you I am not content
Unless I know which way you went."

Offended by the apparent flippancy and irreverence of this couplet, the rector entreated the widow to consent to its obliteration from the stone. To his surprise he found that she cherished no ill feeling to her late lord and master, and was of opinion that he surpassed in piety most of the husbands whom he had left behind. The good woman had always thought the epitaph a foolish epitaph, and had repeatedly told her husband her critical reasons for disliking it. Like a docile wife, she had placed it on the stone, as her husband desired it to appear there; but she had thought herself justified in pointing to the obvious defect of the lines. She had only availed herself of her opportunity to have the

last word in a literary controversy that she and her husband had for years carried on in a friendly spirit. On being shown that the stone, as it appeared, was suggestive of disrespectful thoughts of her husband, she consented reluctantly to the erasure of her comment.

Even more infelicitous than this widow of Woolwich was the good lady who, with the best intention, placed a highly-scandalous inscription on the tomb of her deceased husband, in his day a famous London pyrotechnist. In the first month of her widowhood, on mournfully walking away from his grave, after watering it with a tear, this widow was struck by the sublime dignity of an inscription on an adjacent tomb, erected to the honor of a musical composer, who, in the language of the legend, had gone "to a world where alone his harmonies could be surpassed." Lacking the power to produce an original eulogium, the simple lady adapted the harmonious professor's epitaph to the igneous artist's case. With the accuracy of a conscientious historian she substituted "fireworks" for "harmonies"—with consequences that my readers may be left to imagine for themselves.—*Jeaffreson's "Brides and Brides."*

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The skill, the art, the mighty toil, that have been devoted to the adornment, and to the desecration, of this most ancient place of worship, have been of extraordinary magnitude. The grandest legacy of Egyptian antiquity, the Great Pyramid, demanded, indeed, a larger amount of naked human labor; but in Moriah there is a compulsion of the features of Nature herself to the service of the builder. In actual bulk, the Great Pyramid is to the Temple rock as five to nine, if we descend but as far as the sills of the five double gates of the mountain of the house. If we carry the comparison down to the level at which the lowest foundation of the walls is laid in the rock at the angles of the enclosure, the bulk is three times that of the Great Pyramid. The cubic contents of the mason's work may not amount to a tenth part of that piled up by Sophrus. But the hill has been honey-combed with chambers and galleries; and the declining part to the south covered with vaults and arches, to which Gheezeh can show no parallel. No merely artificial structure could have so successfully resisted the resolute efforts of the two greatest military nations of the ancient world to destroy its existence and obliterate its memory. No other monument, long surviving the era of Asiatic and Italian power, can ever, like the noble Sanctuary, mark by its very ruins, the successive periods of its glory and its fall!

If we regard not so much the evidence of the labor devoted to the work of the Temple as the effect produced on the mind by its apparent magnitude, we may suggest the following comparisons: the length of the eastern wall of the Sanctuary is rather more than double that of one side of the Great Pyramid. Its height, from the foundation on the rock at the south, and near the northern angle, was nearly a third of that of the Egyptian structure. If to this great height of one hundred and fifty-two feet of solid wall be added the descent of one hundred and fourteen feet to the bed of the Kedron, and the further elevation of one hundred and sixty feet attained by the pinnacle of the Temple porch, we have a total height of four hundred and twenty-six feet, which is only fifty-nine feet less than that of the Great Pyramid. The area of the face of the eastern wall is more than double that of one side of the pyramid. Thus the magnitude of the noble Sanctuary of Jerusalem far exceeded that of any other temple in

the world. Two amphitheatres of the size of the Coliseum would have stood within its colossal girdle, and left room to spare. The Coliseum is said to have seated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and accommodated twenty-two thousand more in its arenas and passages. For such a number to have been crammed within its circle, the space for each person must have been limited to seventeen inches by twenty inches. Allowing two cubits each way, or four square cubits for each worshipper in the temple, the Sanctuary would have contained thirty thousand; the Chel, excluding the Priests' Court, twenty thousand more, and there would yet have been room in the Great Court and the cloisters to make the total reach to more than two hundred and ten thousand.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE LATE DR. GUTHRIE.

Speaking one day about an education bill just brought in by the Lord Advocate, the thought flashed across him that the Free Church had been accused of supporting it for sectarian reasons, when he suddenly broke off his argument, and, with tears running down his cheeks, exclaimed, "What care I for Free Church, or any Church upon earth, in comparison with my desire to save and bless those poor, wretched children in the High Street!" An intelligent auditor afterward said of this exclamation, "It was as though a shock of electricity had passed through the audience." On another occasion, he was preaching from the text, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." He had described the feelings of a father who had to send a depraved son away from his door, and had made the audience feel how the child knew that he had but to amend and reform, and his father would receive him; and, then, lifting himself up in the pulpit, and spreading his hands, he thundered out the words, "Is there any one in this house who believes that I would have pleasure in the death of the wicked? Would not I do whatever I could to rescue the worst among you? And what am I, sinner as I am, in comparison with Him whose love I am vindicating?" One who was in the house at the time said that "it was as though a prophet spoke." Dr. Guthrie's chief force as a preacher was, however, not derived from any *impromptu* expressions. His discourses were, we believe, carefully prepared, and the most striking passages were committed to memory. In the four sermons he published under the title of "The City: its Sins and Sorrows," there are some singularly graphic descriptions of Edinburgh, as seen from the heights hard by the city; and, again, of the same ancient capital, on a nearer view, where her sins and sorrows hide themselves. He was fond of telling his personal experiences in that mission to the outcast children of the streets which he had almost made his own. He was as welcome to the school as to the church, and was as much admired and reverenced by the little Arabs he had saved as by his congregation. If he took a friend with him to see the school, it was impossible not to be struck with the joyous glances with which the children looked up to him, and the readiness with which they answered his questions. He had words of encouragement for one, of sympathy with another, of cheerful recognition for them all. "Well done, my lad; you will make your way in the world, sir," he would say, in answer to the quick reply of a poor boy, whose way even to a decent living seemed to be a long one. He was a man of great, genial nature, a true philanthropist, a preacher who had the fire of earnestness, and a writer whose works, if not written to live, were, at least, useful and valuable in their day.—*London Daily News.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE philosophical idler who, after studying the landscapes of one of our academy exhibitions, visits a collection of foreign pictures, will be prone, we think, to discover a moral.

This moral is, the supremacy of human nature.

For, notwithstanding Ruskin's dictum that landscape is the higher art, those of us not wedded to theories, or enamoured of mere technical performance, will usually recognize a higher significance, a greater interest, a larger purpose, in the delineation of human life and in the portrayal of emotion.

Men and women are still mysteries to men and women; and all of us are almost certain to find a wonder and a fascination in those arts that help to unravel the human heart, that bring our own natures into closer sympathy with the passions and aspirations of other natures, that establish a link between ourselves and the world of feeling and hope and yearning that abides half told and half guessed in every bosom.

That varied and even powerful expression lies in landscape art we must not deny. It is the gift of genius to evoke sentiment, to respond to the strange unknown within, by things which, in themselves alone, are without passion or sensibility. Color and form have at times a power over the heart that stirs the whole nature strangely; but no matter with what delight we may hang over the exquisite beauty of a landscape, no matter what strange sentiment may lurk in its skies and speak in its forests, we yet always go to the human narrative with a greater relish. There are landscapes that, bursting suddenly upon the surprised vision, send the blood through the veins with tumultuous delight. There are pictures that catch something of this glorious beauty, and hold the spectator spell-bound. But from landscape or picture we would be almost sure to turn to some story of human experience—some scene of love, or hope, or suffering, or triumph, far transcending in interest the nameless and half-understood sentiment of the landscape. We know what beauty is in the blue of the sea, in the curl of the waves upon the shore, in the light that touches up with pencils of gold the forest recesses, in the blue mist that shrouds the mountains, in the white grace of the leaping cascade, in the flowers of the meadows and the mosses of the woods—but from all these how swiftly the eager wish turns to read the beauty of a face in which hides some tale of love, or of the eye where slumber mighty passions!

Historical paintings are often preposterous enough with their theatrical exaggerations; and *genre* pictures are quite as frequently feeble and distasteful; but no beauty of hills or woods or rocks can ever equal the deeper,

profounder beauty that we sometimes find in the human story upon canvas. Let us pause, for instance, here before this picture of "Ruth and Boaz."* There is a charm in the mystery of the night, but in the sleeping figure of Boaz, in the tenderness, devotion, love, hope, of the waiting woman—in all that the painting recalls as well as in what it expresses—there are depths of feeling and expression which the merely beautiful in Nature never equals.

Is it not the same in all the arts? Some of the poets have succeeded in blending their own passion with their description of scenes, and given human feeling to places and objects; these descriptive passages outlive those in which Nature merely is delineated; and more vital than either is the narrative of life. Still we study, as we have always studied, to understand each other; still we strive, as we have always striven, to enlarge our own boundaries of feeling by entering into the purposes and passions of others; still we marvel, as we have always marvelled, at the human heart and all its thrilling mysteries. And, in our efforts to attain and reach these things, we call in the arts; we seek to know, to feel, to thrill with passion and sympathy by the aid of poetry, romance, painting, and the drama.

Obviously, then, our national art must not content itself with reproducing only the wonders of our mountains and the graces of our valleys. It is time the larger element, the human story, entered into it. Our painters cannot obtain supreme hold of the popular heart if they do not paint the story of human life. When we go to our galleries, we find little beyond the many-times repeated delineations of our familiar hills; when we go to a foreign collection, we discover a drama of many acts and many scenes. The human is the ruling thought. We are charmed by faces, stirred by narratives, excited by emotions; we have romance, poetry, history, life in strange and life in charmingly familiar phases.

All this being true, it is obvious, then, that American art occupies but half, and the inferior half, of her domain. It must acknowledge and illustrate the supremacy of human nature.

— The inhabitants of the little antique town of Urbino have just been celebrating, with *fêtes* and banquets, the anniversary at once of the birth and death of its most illustrious son. Raphael Sanzio was born there on the 6th of April, 1483, which was Good Friday, and died in Rome in 1520, also on the 6th of April, and also the day of the most solemn feast of the Church. Three hundred and ninety years have elapsed since Raphael came into the world, and he continues to be, what he was in his own day, the foremost of the world's artists. So brief and so brilliant an artistic

career has never been witnessed before or since; and the Urbinists, though tardy, do well to set on foot a subscription to purchase and enclose the house, still standing, in which Raphael was born. One of the houses where Raphael lived during his residence in Rome is also still shown on the Via dei Coronari, near the bridge of St. Angelo, where he was close to the Vatican and his pontifical patron; but it was renovated and nearly spoiled a century and a half ago. Raphael afterward built a more comfortable residence, in the Piazza Rusticucci, where, after painting several of his greatest works, he died at the early age of thirty-seven, in 1520. He was held in sufficient honor to be permitted a tomb in the Pantheon, then, as now, the most perfectly preserved of the monuments of ancient Rome. A handsome chapel therein is pointed out as the artist's resting-place, adorned by a statue of the Madonna, executed at Raphael's own request by Lotto. The doubt as to whether he was really entombed in this chapel caused the Roman *savans* to apply for and procure permission to make an examination, which solved all doubts upon the subject. The bones of the great artist were found in their narrow coffin, quite according to the tradition, behind the altar, the shroud fastened by metal rings and pins. The remains indicated that Raphael was slight of form, and five feet seven inches in height, and that his skull was finely and delicately proportioned. He was entombed anew, and now lies in a rich antique marble sarcophagus, provided from the stores of the Vatican by Pope Gregory XVI. It was well that the Church should thus honor a son who so splendidly illustrated her creed, miracles, history, saints, and heroes; for Raphael's pictures are perpetual, touchingly eloquent sermons, instantaneous and impressive in their appeal to the emotions, and needing no interpreter. He soon departed from the cold and formal style of Perugino, his master, and established a school of his own, destined to outrival the highly-colored triumphs of Titian, Tintoretto, and the other disciples of Giotto. The influence he has had over the faith and inspiration of multitudes cannot be estimated; but it may be that it has been greater even than the formidable bulls of popes, or the bold dogmas of Ecumenical Councils.

— It is probably too late now to change our attitude toward the Indians; but those who so clamorously assert that no policy but a hostile one is competent to deal with them, conveniently ignoring the experience of the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the French in Canada, may possibly find it interesting, as well as instructive, to recall an instance where a system quite different from ours produced a result as distinct. In the heart of South America, in what was once Paraguay, but now under the dominion of the republic of Bolivia, lived, in the sixteenth century, a warlike tribe of savages called Chiquitos. They resisted all the attempts of the Spaniards to

* In Mr. Avery's collection.

subdue them, and lived in proud independence until nearly the close of the seventeenth century. Even then they did not succumb to arms, but to a messenger of the Prince of Peace. In 1691, Father Arce, a Jesuit priest, entered their country, secured their confidence, and established a mission. He made converts rapidly, taught them to lead a peaceful life, educated their children, and—in short, civilized them. Mark the result. In fifty years from the time that the first missionary settled among them, the entire nation had settled down into well-organized communities, possessed of all the features of orderly government, and of every element of civilization. Under the instruction of the fathers, these warlike savages acquired many of the industrial arts, cultivated the fields, established manufactorys, and carried on a remunerative trade with the neighboring Spanish settlements. D'Orbigny and other writers assert that their towns were in advance of those of the Spaniards, that their manufactures were better, and that the produce of their lands was superior and more abundant. Their churches and mission-buildings rivalled any in the New World, and were remarkable for the costliness of their decorations, the most of which were due to the skill of native workmen. Music and singing were taught, and the church choirs were composed of natives, who attained a rare degree of excellence in the art. Some of them became skilful wood-carvers, and others excellent workers in gold, silver, and copper. Thus, in the short space of half a century, this nation of savages became Christianized and civilized, able to cope with the Spaniards around them in the arts and manufactures. But for the royal decree of 1767, expelling the Jesuits from the territory of Spain and her colonies, they might be to-day a happy, prosperous people. The fathers were driven from the missions which they had so successfully established, and the authorities, jealous of the superior prosperity of the native communities, put harsh task-masters over them, who drove the Indians to despair; and, in thirty-five years after—thirty-five years of the same policy which our wise legislators have meted out to the savages on our own soil—two-thirds of the population had disappeared. To-day ruined churches, whose walls still retain evidences of their once splendid frescos, and a few crumbling mission-buildings, are all that remain of ten once thriving communities. But for the stupidity of the Spanish Government, how different might have been the result!

MINOR MENTION.

One of our contemporaries indulges in a gloomy picture of some of the consequences of civilization. "Take the world through," it says, "and life's length, nowadays, averages only about thirty years, and, instead of growing old gracefully along tow-

ard a rounded century, people die off like sheep in the prime of life, and a fine specimen of healthy age almost excites our wonder. What we call civilization certainly shortens life. It is the rivalries, passions, fashions, habits, and worries of the life we lead which beckon to us the death we dread." This is a dismal picture, but, luckily, it is not a true one. Civilization has very materially lengthened the average of life; some lives are prematurely ended in consequence of over-strain, but the average man or woman is better housed, better fed, better clothed, freer from illness and ills, and lives to ripe years, than ever before. Some years ago, Mr. Julian C. Verplanck, in a speech before the New-York Legislature, brought in a few curious facts illustrative of the greater years to which men now attain. Among other evidence he quoted Shakespeare, citing the opening line of Richard III., "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," who, although thus described, was but fifty-seven, an age at the time more venerable and more rarely attained than at present. There is now a greater mental strain and a higher nervous existence; but we are better protected from the elements; we have more cleanly habits, are less addicted to gluttony and intemperance; we have invented drainage and ventilation; we largely prevent fevers and epidemics; medicine as a science has immensely advanced—in short, civilization, instead of killing us off in the alarming way our contemporary declares, is all the time showing us how to live more healthful lives.

— A correspondent, who "has never before had occasion to find fault with our editorial sentiments," thinks we have departed wrongfully from our usual conservative course in advocating the abolition of capital punishment. "Justice ought to be maintained," he tells us, "and righteous laws rigidly enforced. Those who commit murder have forfeited their lives, and hence money, friends, influence, all should be powerless to rescue them—even mercy itself should be subordinate to justice, and never be permitted to interfere with her inexorable verdict." Well, we agree with him; and, if he had read our article with care, he would have discovered that we were only advocating the abolition of hanging on grounds of policy. A man who commits a murder has no right to life or liberty; society is justified in depriving him of one or the other, according as it may seem best. If the security of society is better maintained by hanging murderers, hang them; if better secured by beheading, set up the guillotine; if better by the bullet, shoot the condemned; if better by imprisonment, then imprison. Our argument was confined solely to the policy of the question. We asserted the belief that hanging is not the deterrent of crime it is supposed to be, while its effect upon the community, as a whole, is morally hurtful; and, in support of these opinions, we cited the testimony of history. Does the experience of the past support these assumptions, or does it not? That is the question we opened.

— The *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the leading English journals, reproduces from the *New-York Herald* a disgusting account of a

cock-fight between "representatives of New York and Long Island," and calls attention to it as a narrative which "cannot fail to be gratifying to all who take an interest in the amusements of a highly-civilized nation." Of course, the implication intended to be conveyed is that cock-fighting is one of the amusements in which we as a nation indulge; and that the "representatives of New York and Long Island," instead of being members of that degraded and bestial class which in every large city patronized brutal sports, were ordinary and average citizens of those two communities. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is the paper which told its readers a year or so ago that no New-Yorker dared to leave his home or place of business for a casual walk down Broadway without having one hand on a revolver. It is labor lost, perhaps, to inform such a paper that, of the forty million people now forming this "highly-civilized nation," not five thousand probably ever saw a regular cock-fight, and that there is no spectacle—not even dog-fighting—that belongs more distinctively to the class of city "roughs." Yet such is unquestionably the fact. The West Indies are the only portion of the New World where cock-fighting rises to the dignity of a reputable amusement. In Cuba, the sport is still regarded much as horse-races are in England; and Mr. Hazard, in his book on Santo Domingo, tells how, day after day and for hours in succession, the best San Dominican society attends the barbarous show. To speak of it, however, as one of the "national amusements" of the American people, would be lamentable as a display of ignorance or malice.

— Yet, after all, we don't know as we have any right to complain of these misrepresentations at the hands of foreigners when we ourselves so industriously befool our own nests. The charge that a man cannot safely walk down Broadway originated, we believe, with Mr. Wendell Phillips; at least it is certain that Mr. Phillips made the assertion. We have frequently commented upon the course of our newspapers in this particular; and assuredly until our home-writers can be taught to be truthful and moderate, we may as well pardon the exaggerations of others. There are scores of writers in New York whose sole occupation, nearly, is to write up frightful pictures of our social depravity for the delectation of country readers. We chance to have before us a specimen of this sort of literature. A New-York correspondent of a New England paper declares that life here has ceased to be of any value. "A father will mutilate his child if his supper be not ready; a husband shoot his wife to decrease current expenses; a wife poison her husband to obtain clothing for her lover." Even children, we further learn, "have been seized with a mania for killing," while it is "quite an ordinary item of news to read of some youth of sixteen committing suicide because rejected by a married woman of forty." In addition to these horrors, we are assured that "filth, profanity, and immorality, have taken possession of the pulpit, the stage, and the parlor," and vulgarity "has assumed a recognized place in fashionable society." So long as this sort of stuff is deliberately written, and cheerfully

published by our local journals, we ought to submit patiently to the misstatements of strangers.

It was reported, a short time ago, that a distinguished professor, connected with one of our colleges, had announced his intention to test legally the right of newspapers to report his lectures. Whether the irate gentleman has done more than to threaten we have not heard; but we can readily conceive the annoyance which a public lecturer must feel to read, over his morning coffee, his discourse of the evening before, which he has labored on, perhaps for weeks, in expectation of deriving from its delivery to different audiences some addition to his slender income. We cannot, however, fathom the spirit animating a clergyman in one of the Western States, who recently procured the arrest of several newspaper-men detailed to report his sermons. We can account for his very peculiar proceeding only on the supposition that his sermons were so bad that he dreaded seeing them in print; for otherwise, if he were any thing like many of the gentlemen of the cloth within our ken, he would have rewarded rather than persecuted the unoffending gentlemen who sought to immortalize him. It is altogether an inexplicable case, and leads us to the conclusion that they grow unique clergymen out West.

Even the most sanguine Christians can scarcely hope for the speedy conversion of the heathen when religious bodies, professing to be followers of Him of Bethlehem, make such unseemly exhibitions of their faith as do the several churches of the Holy Land. The Turkish soldier who has to interpose his bayonet, at the porch of the Holy Sepulchre, between the scowling worshippers, learns to despise the "dogs," and to thank God that he has been taught to revere His true prophet. But still the feud goes on, and Greek and Latin nourish the old hatreds, and do all in their power to prove to the sons of Islam how impossible it is for Christian brethren to dwell together in unity. The old controversy regarding the right of precedence at the holy places, has lately broken out again with renewed virulence. About two years ago, the tapestry-hangings in the so-called Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem were burned. The Turkish officials, remembering the controversies of former times, determined to replace them themselves, and thus avoid trouble. But, with characteristic negligence, the restoration was delayed, and the Latin Patriarch, seeing an opportunity to forward the interests of his church, had new tapestry quietly made, with a Latin inscription on it, and had it put up secretly when his priests had charge of the grotto. As soon as the Greeks discovered the desecration, trouble ensued. Riots broke out in the town, and there was fear of its ending in bloodshed. The hangings are still up, but are permitted to remain only under protest, until the rights of the belligerents are decided. The Greek Patriarch has appealed to the Russian ambassador at Constantinople and directly to the Sublime Porte, and the Latin Patriarch has addressed the French ambassador. Is not this a pitiable exhibition? While such exponents of the faith of Christ air their malice

and uncharitableness before the eyes of the heathen, we must not look for converts.

Our drama is killed by the too great success of our theatres. There can be no opportunity for playwrights so long as managers are enabled to keep a single play on the boards for a whole season. This success, indeed, might be supposed to be a powerful inducement to play-writing, but the managers have discovered that great success is easier obtained by a liberal employment of spectacle than by purely literary productions; they strain every nerve to get a showy sort of piece that will admit of brilliant mounting, and then, by lavish outlay in this direction, often succeed in keeping it before the public half a year. Sometimes it is a favorite actor who is sufficient to crowd the benches, and this renders new plays, of course, unnecessary. What chance has there been in New York this season for a new American play? Not at Wallack's, where Mr. Sothern has divided the winter between *Dundreary* and *David Garrick*. Very little at Daly's, where "*Alixé*," a new French play, and "*Divorce*," the success of last season, have been sufficient to fill the manager's treasury. Not at Booth's, where a succession of stars have elbowed the dramatists out of the way. Not at Niblo's nor at the Olympic, where spectacle and pantomime usurp the stage month after month. Two weeks was a good run for a play in the last century; this brought a rapid succession of fresh plays before the public, and every season was marked by at least two or three notable accessions to dramatic literature. We have changed all that, and not to our advantage.

Every railway-track should be regularly patrolled. The idea that a railway-bridge should be swept away unknown to any one, and hours afterward a train plunge into the gap, is startling, and shows the danger that must always exist if the roadway is left unwatched. It is not merely sufficient that bridges should be built strong enough for ordinary wear, there should be ceaseless watch for unusual accidents. One calamity prevented would pay the cost of a patrol for many years. It is understood that the Hudson River road is regularly patrolled after the passage of every express-train. This wise precaution should be adopted on every track in the country.

One of the evils which the present generation has to endure is the horrid innovation of baking meats. Pharaoh's "baked meats" were no doubt pies, or else cooking was at a low ebb in ancient Egypt, for no king with his wits about him would consent to eat baked leg-mutton when he could get roast. Perhaps it was for baking instead of roasting that the chief baker was imprisoned. Baking is perfectly successful in one respect, it bakes every atom of flavor out of the meat. This sometimes may be an advantage, but sometimes it is quite the reverse. "*Elia's*" weakness notoriously was for roast-pork; the same as our own is for a leg of small mountain-mutton, perfectly kept, perfectly roasted. But it is nowadays a luxury which, in this city at least, is rarely, very rarely, alas! to be had. Cooks in New York don't understand hanging meat until it is tender, which surely

might easily be accomplished in winter, and this negligence, together with their horrid close stoves, makes our mutton come to table tough, greasy, flavorless, and therefore in nutritious. The right sort of range is one which admits of roasting as well as of baking, and the right sort of housewife is one who insists upon the lazy cook roasting—which gives a little more trouble, and is therefore avoided by those incompetent tyrants whom we misname cooks. Roasting is a wholesome, open, old way of preparing food, and we will not let it be abandoned without a protest.

Among the sorrows of the sensitive in this vale, may be prominently placed the annoyances they have to endure from the tricks of their neighbors. "Mr. Thing-a-mee is a very good sort of a man," said a lady to us one day, "but how any one could have married a man who makes that dreadful sort of snort periodically I can't imagine." We sympathized. Who has not suffered from such annoyances? It is all very well to say, "Oh, you shouldn't mind them;" you might as well tell a man he shouldn't mind the tooth-ache. A wretch in a public library, which shall be nameless, made existence a burden to his neighbors a few days ago by a sickening sort of sucking sound. Every one kept looking up and frowning a very armament of daggers, hoping to bring the wretch to a sense of the heinousness of his offence. Their efforts were utterly unavailing. His skin was rhinocerine. In one of the London clubs they remonstrate with these pests of society who sniff and snort and scroop (why do all these horrid noises begin with an S, by-the-way? is it that they have a sibilating root?) The secretary wrote not long ago to a member, popularly known as "The Grampus," from an insufferable habit of puffing and blowing: "Sir, I am desired by the committee to call your attention to a personal habit which has been the cause of much complaint," etc. This is quite right. Why are Captain Hawkhaw, Colonel Scroop, and old Mr. Snuffer, to annoy five hundred other people with impunity?

Art Notes.

The Spring Exhibition at the Academy of Design.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE question often occurs to us how much of the real excellence of paintings is appreciated by their professed admirers. The philosophical critic asks himself if to those ignorant of art Gerome's peculiar merits have any positive existence. If the admirers of that great artist do not value really what gives him his reputation, his paintings would be as valuable to them with their intrinsic merit left out; and if they are not able to appreciate his merit, they will probably pass without notice the same excellence in unknown men. It is not show which makes Gerome and Meissonier what they are, for their qualities are not what strike the eye nor the senses. To the thoughtful but uninitiated, humanity may answer to humanity, and a person, though untutored in the mysteries of art, may feel instinctively the vitality and motion of some obscure figure in the pictures by these artists; and in the same

way reality and truth to Nature may impress him even if hid behind an unknown name.

It is in this spirit that we wish to dwell on the quiet paintings occupying places in the Academy exhibition, which we think ought to be filled by artists of positive position, whose names alone would give weight to their work, which yet should show on its face that their best effort had been brought to its development.

If Christianity is any thing, it should be recognized though clad in rags, and if there is fidelity to truth and beauty in a picture, it ought to be appreciated even though clouded by some technical ignorance in the artist. Taking this view, and looking, we trust, without prejudice, we find as much to excite the imagination in this Academy exhibition as in any collection of pictures we have seen this year, for there is much sincere life here, and comparatively little that is hackneyed.

Going about the rooms, one of the first pictures that struck us was a summer-day scene, by Miller. To begin with, the subject was not pretentious. An old white New-England farm-house by the road-side, over which towered two tall, scraggy sycamores, while the barns behind it and the fields in its neighborhood told the story of its peculiar character as well as Wendell Holmes, in one of his charming essays, describes the stiff parlor, characteristic of such a house. A straight, simple, earthy road, as flat and negative as it is possible to conceive, leads past the house and beneath the arch of the sycamores; a path as straight and common as Mrs. Stowe could picture, or any New-Englander conceive; but is finally lost, and then begins a bit of distance, spiritual and tender as the other was commonplace. Against the side of the house there is a true feeling of the warm summer-day heat and air in the sunshine, and the shadow flung against it from the sycamores; and it seems as if we could again fancy ourselves children, sitting in the cool door-yard, or crushing through the tall green weeds which line the roadside.

Going on a little farther, our eyes are gladdened by a queer palette of color, subdued, but with a tropical substratum of luxury, and we look on a mass of textures—silks which yet smell of camphor-wood, and musk, and attar; and an Oriental woman, who is yet half a Yankee, reposes in an impossible position amid tints and textures which make one more than forgive the picture its lack of accurate drawing. This little painting is by Miss Oakey, and seems to be one of the first indications that American women have begun to express their fervent moods in paint, as Miss Prescott, Miss Hardinge, and others, have done by their pens. Strong moods are stronger than circumstances or country, and it is from this we hope much for our own land.

"Soul is form and doth the body make," and an impassioned intellect of any kind can compel any combination of conditions to its uses. Hawthorne did it, and Inness is able to achieve it, and we believe young eyes in art, untrammeled by tradition of the Old World, can see possibilities in our native surroundings which have their existence deep in the foundation of aesthetic verities. Besides this little painting by Miss Oakey, there are two others, of roses—flowers crushed and limp, but rich enough, in their fiery yet delicate hues, to have been grown in the gardens of Persia, the homes of the rose. One bunch of them stands in a jar which is fit to be sister to the old Majolica vases, and the fretted glass-ware of Venice, or any rare bit of porcelain that has come to us from the remotest East.

Going on farther, we find a new class of

work. Latterly, following a different bent from our former painters, some of our young artists have become greatly interested in animal structure, human or otherwise, and this interest the life-school of the Academy has largely tended to develop. Dramatic scenes between cats and dogs, men and horses, no longer satisfy them, but they aim to represent the real spring of muscles and strength of bones, subordinate to, yet connate with, the main idea of the picture. One peculiar technical merit of Gerome lies in this direction, and it was to this we referred in the beginning of our remarks, when we said that any one who really recognized this quality in him would perceive it anywhere. Two pictures by Mr. Abbott Thayer are of this class, though far be it from us to compare these early attempts of his with Gerome's mature achievement. In one of these paintings a dog is seen worrying a cat; and the owner of the cat, a little boy, in whom every line and muscle expresses his strong displeasure at the torment inflicted on his favorite, is holding the cat as far as possible from her persecutor. Words cannot describe the twisted and contorted attitude of pussy, but vital cat-life is told all through the animal, and the aggressive, mischievous nature of the dog, who, within his shaggy and coarse hide, is full of nerve and motion. Another painting of the same kind is a hound in the Adirondack woods, truly studied from Nature, and with much more than his external form and posture depicted by the artist.

There are three curiously-interesting heads, all of women, among the art which may fitly be called young. One is by Julian Scott, of a Spanish woman, very refined and subtle in color and drawing. It is more delicate in line than George Hall would have made it, and possesses the completeness of hue and texture of a rich flower.

Another of these pictures is by George Butler, of a young lady standing, her hands resting against the top of a pedestal, upon which are placed pots of scarlet flowers; while behind her, and relieving the shades of purple stuff which compose her dress, are hung heavy masses of dull-green vines. The form of the girl is very graceful, and is treated gracefully, and the face, full of refinement, gives the key to all her surroundings. In painting a picture, many people are not aware that two sets of ideas at any rate should be present with the artist, independent of the subject of his work. One idea is of using some definite key of tints, as we say a key in music, and the other is in the combination of general forms. If he decides on one set or another of hues—we won't say colors, for hues may partake of any or all of them—his object is to develop, to subdue, and to tone each to the other. A careful eye can detect this motive if it be present in a picture, which, unfortunately for so-called works of art, is not always the case; but chiefly we think it is instinctively perceived. These tints might be worked into a piece of architecture, or blurred in flowers, or combined in a portrait; and whichever it is, with a colorist, the subject is apt to be the lay figure, on which he drapes his thought. In Mr. Butler's painting, he has combined, with a rare felicity, the character of the woman with her surroundings, and the grace and elegance of the general lines and forms add to the impression. In these respects he recalls Hunt to us as he was twenty years ago; and ten years hence we are sure Butler, if he works, can occupy a place as high as Hunt has secured for himself.

Another painting is by Miss Anna Lee, of a strange, powerful face, that interprets itself

easily as the face of Salome, the dancing-girl, who brought to Herod the head of John the Baptist. A strange mouth and nose excite the curiosity of about what seems certainly a portrait-picture, but, we ask, who and what the original of it can be. Vedder might have conceived of it, and interpreted her peculiarity. The dress of the woman is half barbaric, rich red stuff stiff with gold thread; against her face, and forming a background to it, is a big brass disk, the fatal charger. This painting is queer, and haunts the memory not as a sordid or sensual thing, but as having a subtle essence of poison in it, veiled in a curious stupidity or innocence—she knew not what she did.

Space does not allow us to linger longer among this department of the exhibition pictures, but, if we have said enough to induce any visitor to look beyond the surface of the canvases and the name or no name of the painters of many pictures in it, we are confident that he as well as ourselves will believe in a future for some of our young artists.

It scarcely seems fair to our own countrymen to note, in the same page with our account of the Academy, the collection of paintings made by Avery, nearly all of which are very good, and many of them gems. Among the most powerful of these is an ideal head by Couture, one of the very few of his works that have been seen in this country. Before looking for the artist's name in the catalogue, it struck us, from the great freedom of its treatment and its immense power and breadth of light and shade. We don't know if Avery owns the picture, but, if it is for sale, it would be a great thing if it could be bought and placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it can be studied and examined—fit companion and more to the head by Greuze, which is one of the most practically useful paintings in the art-education of the country, that the museum contains.

Among a number of interesting paintings of its class, is the interior of a Japanese shop, by a pupil of Zamacois, where an old Japanese is represented seated on a platform painting masks. Two or three Japanese women, clad in the exact costume of their class, are watching him, and some little urchins are playing near at hand. The shop is full of Japanese wares; stuffs and lanterns of every hue hang from the walls. Carpets, vases, mats, and bronzes, are everywhere about; and, though here and there a Chinese ornament impairs the fidelity of the Japanese scene, it seems to us that this is one of the most interesting and really valuable pictures of textures we ever saw. In Zamacois's style, it is painted with vast labor and care, but, unlike many pictures which make us wonder how men who can paint so well can content themselves with hanging pink and blue velvet and satin on girls in boudoirs, this painting has a geographical and historical interest which gives it dignity.

There are two Geromes, both small paintings. One of them, of a Turkish soldier drinking, is rich and elaborate; but there is a singular defect in the anatomy of the man, one of whose bare knees, otherwise splendidly painted, appears to grow almost directly from his body—the foreshortening, which would make it look natural, being apparently ignored.

Such a catalogue of names is appended to the collection as to make us feel that, to mention one or two pictures, is almost worse than not speaking of any, but we have not space enough at command to do justice to this really fine collection.

Literary Notes.

THOSE who take note of publishers' announcements have probably read before this, in a little placard in Messrs. Sheldon & Co.'s Broadway window, a review in brief of Mr. Justin McCarthy's last novel—a review which says in a few words what we can hardly make more emphatic in this notice. There the book is called—in that uncompromising spirit of praise which an author may certainly generally expect from his publisher, whether he receives it from the public or not—"a charming story by a brilliant writer." We wish all advertisements were as just as this. Whatever faults Mr. McCarthy may have, no one can say of his ever-active pen that it does not at least give us constantly graceful, bright, attractive works; if these traits, sustained in the writings of one who has written so much, do not necessarily entitle him to rank among the leaders, they are, at least, sufficient to constitute brilliancy, as the word goes. And "A Fair Saxon" is unquestionably a charming and an excellent novel. It is full of well-conceived characters, and very bright, with an unflagging flow of life. Its hero, Tyrone, is so unforced and unexaggerated a type of young manhood, so natural in his traits of uncorrupted yet not idealized young-man's feeling, so true in his impulses, ambitions, disappointments, and successes, as almost to remind us of Pendennis—that master-picture of a man at this richest period of a lifetime. Indeed, Tyrone, with his fresh honor and chivalry and enthusiasm, yet with his faults, too, is a character sure to win hearts; and Jennie Aspar, the heroine of the story, will hardly be behind him in this. Showing quite as much skill—we should say more if we did not know it to be harder to picture the common type than the exceptions—some of the other persons of the novel—notably Quentin, Macan, and Charette—are among the best of portraiture. We have gone so far as to imagine that the original of General Charette—the hero of countless useless revolutions, the eager conspirator in Fenianism, Communism, any ism that showed prospect of a fight—need not be sought far away by those familiar with the names of contemporary heroes. Mrs. Lorn is not much overdrawn, if at all; and the minor characters in the book are admirable. Mr. McCarthy has contributed to the pleasantest class of novel-reading that is given us nowadays; and many a reader whose patience has been overtaxed by some recent trials in the way of lighter literature, will thank him for the freshness and truth of his new story.

The Messrs. Putnam are doing their part well in the work of popularizing scientific study. They have recently republished "Half Hours with the Telescope" and "Half Hours with the Stars," both by Mr. R. A. Proctor, and both recently issued in England. The books appear in excellent form, illustrated with well-engraved plates, which are especially attractive in "Half Hours with the Stars," the larger of the volumes. We cannot, of course, criticise Mr. Proctor's works here from the point of view of a specialist; but, while we leave their scientific merits to those better fitted to write of them, we must quarrel with one point in regard to these publications. It seems to us that in the titles of popular scientific treatises, the half-hour "business"—if we may use that form of speech—is carried too far. We do not especially object to "Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science;" it is not only possible, but probable, that recreation is the best word to

describe the way in which a busy man turns aside for a glance at some of the great theories and discoveries that mark our time. But "Half Hours with the Stars!" Why not "Half Hours with the Creed?" "The Whole Duty and Purpose of Life in Half-Hour Lessons?" "Half Hours with Humanity?" or similar periods of time with any one of the greatest and highest topics with which man has to deal. The title seems to us to have a flippancy about it that angers in its author something besides a thorough and earnest devotion to his noble study. With such a man as Tyndall, the truth-seeking to which he devotes his life seems too great a thing to permit him to chat about it as if it were the entertainment of a day; and so, no matter how clearly, plainly—popularly, if you will—he writes or speaks, he seems to do it with an honest dignity, saying, at once, that he proposes to explain so-and-so, or to attempt it; and talking no trifling matter. He does not hold it a condescension, or speak of "devoting a half-hour to the subject," or having "a chat" about it. Why is not this simplicity and lack of flippancy the truest justice to himself and the public?

"Oxley," by "Lyndon," the author of "Margaret: a Story of Life in a Prairie-Home," is a novel with many considerable merits; yet it reminds us of a Dutch painting, in which the details have been studied with the greatest care, not to the positive neglect, but certainly to the detriment, of the composition as a whole. Thus, in the construction of the plot of "Oxley," the writer seems to have made some combinations that decidedly strain the reader's ideas of probability, and verge upon the ludicrous; while the descriptions, and especially the dialogue, the exhibition of some individual traits in the characters, and the portrayals of the various phases of life, are generally good, and often excellent. The book seems to attempt a little too much; it is somewhat long and complicated, and brings into the action of the story a variety of scenes which do little but encumber it; but, on the whole, it has a great deal of good in it; and we should say of it, if it were a first attempt on the author's part, that it gave excellent promise. "Lyndon" must not forget the virtues of simplicity and singleness of design in a really able novel. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co., publishers.)

"Play and Profit in my Garden" is the title of a book by the Rev. E. P. Roe, in which he tells how a little plot of land about one's home may be a thing not only stimulating to the writing of pleasant essays, as it has proved in his case as well as in Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's, but a means of filling the pocket with money and the body with health. Mr. Roe is an excellent missionary for his creed, and his account of his labors and their results is of a sort to set half the population of crowded New York searching for two-acre lots on hill-sides, wherefrom they dream that they, like Mr. Roe, may produce marvellous strawberries and pears and vegetables without number. Let them not be deceived, however. Something more than the lot is needed. One must be a Mr. Roe: first, to make his ground produce two thousand dollars' worth of pleasant fruits; and then, to convince himself that the labor of production was a pleasant process. But, however the book may excite unfulfilled expectations, not even a disappointed man will ever have the injustice to deny that "Play and Profit in my Garden" is a contribution to garden literature—already no mean part of the reading-man's world—for which we should be decidedly grateful.

Messrs. Dodd & Mead publish a volume of stories by Edward Garrett, with the somewhat startling title of "The Dead Sin"—this being the name given to the first tale of the series. We are compelled to say that the reader who turns with not unjust excitement to a volume with such promise of sensational ghastliness as is conveyed by the three words on the cover of this, is doomed to the most bitter disappointment. A gentle, placid story, told with a peaceful monotony that makes one glad it covers so few pages, shows us how a poor boy went from England to Canada, became a bank clerk in Halifax, fell into dissipation and debt, and finally embezzled certain of the bank funds and vanished. After living in successful concealment for some years, he is suddenly discovered, and, although his old employers mercifully obtain a remission of his punishment, he is so overcome by shame and disgrace that he dies. Now, there is nothing necessarily tedious or ill-conceived in this somewhat time-worn plot; but the ingenuity with which Mr. Garrett exhibits in robbing it of whatever elements of interest and pathos it possessed, is sufficient to excite our wonder. We consider a few of the other stories in the volume much better than this; but the author has voluntarily selected this to give the book its name, and it is a fair example of the majority of those which follow.

Mr. William R. Bliss has written a little book on the Sandwich Islands, which he calls "Paradise in the Pacific." His unpretentious account is generally excellent. He is, perhaps, a little unjust in pointing out most strongly the more ludicrous features of the inevitably narrow and provincial island-life, at the cost of neglecting some good points of the people and their ways, on which he might have dwelt; but, on the whole, he embodies in a vivacious and bright sketch most of those things which strike a transient visitor. It is evident that his stay did not thoroughly imbue him with the dreamy spirit which, for one who knows them well, always pervades the little "summer isles of Eden;" for that we must still go to the admirably-written reveries of Charles Warren Stoddard—a man soon to be better known to us at the East, to whom he has already sent much that is charming; but for the notes of a traveller, Mr. Bliss's brief papers seem to us unusually faithful and attractive. (Sheldon & Co.)

Not a strictly literary work, perhaps, but one to which we wish to give a word of hearty praise, is the excellent "Grainer's Handbook," a treatise on the really fine art of imitating natural woods by graining, published by J. W. Masury & Son. Written by an evidently practised and skilful hand, and put in admirable form by publishers and printers, it is a most valuable little work, which we hope will secure a worthy recognition among those for whose use it is intended.

Another recent publication of the Messrs. Putnam is a little work on physiology, by Dr. H. Lawson. This is also a reprint, having been already published in London. It professes to give, in untechnical language, a study of the human body, embodying the latest and best results of scientific study.

In our foreign notes a couple of weeks ago we gave currency to a mistake originally committed by one of the London literary journals. "A Slip in the Fens" is not by the author of "The Heir of Radclyffe," but by a new writer who promises to make a name in the world of literature.

Scientific Notes.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in his "Prehistoric Times," concludes his remarks on the antiquity of man in these words: "It is true that few of our existing species, or even genera, have as yet been found in miocene strata; but if man constitutes a separate family of mammalia, as he does in the opinion of the highest authorities, then, according to all paleontological analogies, he must have had representatives in miocene times. We need not, however, expect to find the proofs in Europe; our nearest relatives in the animal kingdom are confined to hot, almost to tropical, climates, and it is in such countries that we must look for the earliest traces of the human race." A late discovery would seem to prove the justness of these conclusions. From the face of a cliff in the vicinity of the Dardanelles, the strait which connects the sea of Marmora with the Archipelago, at a geological depth of eight hundred feet, the fragment of a bone of the dinotherium was taken, on the convex side of which is cut the "figure of a horned quadruped with an arched neck, lozenge-shaped chest, long body, straight fore-legs, and broad feet," the whole design encircling the fragment, which measures nine inches in diameter, and five in thickness. In a drift near the same place, stone implements, and other evidences of man's presence, were found. This interesting discovery was made by Mr. Frank Calvert; and M. de Tolhatcheff, who has visited and inspected the site, unites with him in pronouncing it genuine miocene. Drawings of fossil bones, teeth, and shells, found there were sent to Sir John Lubbock, and were determined by him and others to be remains of the dinotherium, and of a species of melania, both of which belong to the miocene period. Sir Charles Lyell, while acknowledging the probability of man's existence in the pliocene epoch, has expressed his opinion that no remains of humanity would be found in the lower strata; but Sir John Lubbock thought that his argument would hold as good against pliocene as against miocene times, and this latest discovery proves the accuracy of his views. The science of prehistoric archeology is the growth of but a generation. It is scarcely thirty years since the so-called Biblical chronology was accepted as a settled fact, and he who expressed disbelief that the world was created about four thousand years before Christ, was looked upon as little else than an infidel. In 1841 M. Boucher de Perthes first noticed the traces of man among mammalian remains of the drift period, at Abbeville, in the valley of the Somme. When he published his account, seven years later, he was regarded as an enthusiast, if not a madman. For twenty years but few converts were made to the new theories; but further discoveries in France and in England, the bringing to light of the Swiss lake-dwellings, and the exploration of the Danish shell-mounds, gave an impetus to investigation that has produced results which the most skeptical cannot ignore. The only question now is to find a limit to man's life—to find a time when he did not exist. Bunsen, who believes in the common origin of languages, and consequently of races, gives to the human family an antiquity of at least twenty thousand years. M. Morlot found stone implements and fragments of pottery near Villeneuve, in Switzerland, to which, by an ingenious calculation, he ascribes an antiquity of about ten thousand years. A cone of the drift-age, in the same neighborhood, is given by him an age of over

one hundred thousand years. Geologists claim that the English chalk-cliffs required more than one hundred and twenty thousand years for their formation; and on the same data it has been calculated, says Sir John Lubbock, that the denudation of the valley of the Weald must have required more than one hundred and fifty million years. Science is lost in such vast calculations, which must be more or less speculative in the present state of prehistoric archeology, and which are quite as likely to create incredulity as to induce belief; but if the discovery of human relics in the miocene period be authenticated, and we see no reason to doubt the story, the earliest existence of man on earth must be relegated to almost an equal antiquity, to be counted not by thousands but by millions of years.

As, during the cruise of the *Hassler*, our readers were constantly informed regarding the more important discoveries made by Professor Agassiz and his colleagues, so it is our purpose to present, from time to time, such information regarding the cruise of the *Challenger* as shall prove of general interest. Of the early history of this expedition we have already spoken, having also directed attention to certain interesting results obtained from the first dredging in the Bay of Biscay. We now learn from English journals that the vessel reached St. Thomas on the 16th of March ultimo. As the result of constant dredging and soundings, made during the voyage across the Atlantic, it was proved that a pretty level bottom runs off from the African coast, deepening gradually to a depth of three thousand one hundred and twenty-five fathoms—over three and a half miles—at about one-third of the way across to the West Indies. Five hundred miles to the west this depth was decreased to a little less than two miles, where it again increases to three miles, continuing so close over to the West Indies. As an evidence of the extent and perfection of the dredging apparatus used, it is stated that even in the deepest spots no difficulty was experienced in obtaining deep-sea dredgings, and it was merely a question of time, each haul occupying twelve hours. In these cases the dredges usually brought up a quantity of dark-red clay, which contained just enough life to prove that life exists at all depths. All this life was, however, totally new. One of the most interesting of these discoveries was that of a new species of lobster, the body of which was perfectly transparent. A second wonder was that of a new crustacean, which was not only blind, but having not even the trace of an eye; being, however, supplied with most beautifully-developed and delicately-shaped claws. We, of course, hand this new creature over to the Darwinians, with the full assurance that they will make the most of it. On approaching the West Indies, at a depth of four hundred and forty fathoms, many similar creatures were secured, having this difference, that the claws, longer than the body, were armed throughout with spike-like teeth. One of the conclusions reached by these repeated dredgings will be of interest to the cable companies: it is that there is undoubtedly a considerable movement at the bottom of the sea, even at great depths; nor is the bottom so smooth or free from rocks as supposed. In continuation of this cruise, it is expected that the *Challenger* will soon arrive at New York, departing thence for Bermuda, after which she will sail for Madeira.

A recent communication to the English Society of Telegraphic Engineers contains an announcement from Mr. Willoughby Smith, electrician to the Telegraph Construction

Company, which will be regarded with more than common interest by physicists as well as electricians. It appears that Mr. Smith, while endeavoring to obtain a more suitable high resistance, to be used in testing and signaling through long submarine cables, determined to experiment with bars of selenium, a known metal of high resistance. As a result of these experimental tests, it was discovered that a great discrepancy existed between results obtained under apparently similar conditions. "While investigating the cause of such great differences in the resistance of the bars," the report states, "it was found that the resistance altered materially with the intensity of the light to which it was subjected. When the bars were fixed in a box with a sliding cover, so as to exclude all light, their resistance was at its highest, and remained very constant, fulfilling all the conditions necessary to the requirements; but, immediately the cover of the box was removed, the conductivity increased from fifteen to twenty per cent., according to the intensity of the light falling on the bar. Merely interrupting the light by passing the hand before an ordinary gas-burner, placed several feet from the bar, increased the resistance in like proportion. . . . To insure that temperature was in no way affecting the experiments, one of the bars was placed in a trough of water, so that there was about an inch of water for the light to pass through; but the results were the same." While this discovery proved one of great importance to the electrician, it appears to have a greater value as an argument in support of the theory of "correlation," and here it appears to open a rich field for research. What is the nature of this interference of light rays with the electric current? And may it not be possible, with the use of this newly-discovered medium, for the physicist to determine the nature and measure the length of the electric wave, just as Newton, by the same law of interference, determined the length of the various light waves in the different-colored rays of the spectrum? Whatever may be the result, it is certain that, in this age of inquiry, no effort will be spared which shall aid toward solving this most interesting problem.

"How can a fault or break in a submarine cable be located by operators on shore?" is a question which many of our readers have doubtless often asked themselves. The following reply, as given in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, is so clear and concise that we present it without comment. Referring to this triumph of scientific knowledge and mechanical skill, the writer adds: "Although these far-reaching powers are among the great marvels of modern science, the means and the principles through which they are exercised are among the simplest things when seen and understood. A telegraphic wire will transmit an electro-magnetic wave or 'current,' in proportion to the square of its diameter. The resistance to the transmission of the wave diminishes in proportion as the square of the diameter is increased. This is one law for the electrician. The second is, that the resistance to the transmission of the wave increases in direct proportion to the length of the wire or cable over which it is sent. These two laws furnish the bases for the electrician's observations, calculations, and results. He knows, to start with, the precise amount of resistance that a mile of the cable will oppose to the transmission of a given quantity of electro-motive force. He has delicate and wonderful instruments, made by expert mechanics, that enable him to measure this with accuracy for half a mile or for ten thousand miles. Having this knowledge and these

measuring instruments, and having control of the quantity of electricity he is putting on the wire, he is able to calculate to a nicely how many miles of the cable it is transmitted over, before it encounters greater resistance than that which is due to the length and diameter of the cable itself. At or near the end of that number of miles of cable, though it be a thousand miles from land and two miles under the surface of the sea, the 'fault' or break of the electrician is in search of will be found."

The American Journal of Science and Arts notices the fact that Mr. G. W. Hill, of the Nautical Almanac office, has prepared, under the direction of Professor Coffin, charts and tables for facilitating the prediction of the several phases of the transit of Venus. The four large charts which accompany the tables are suited for the use of navigators who may wish to observe the transit. By this means the number and location of observers are greatly increased, thus adding to the work of the regular stations.

In view of the interest excited by the recent observation of solar protuberances, it may be of value to the amateur astronomer to learn that the hydrogen jets and clouds upon the border of the sun can be seen through many ordinary telescopes. Captain Tubman, of England, states that he has made a series of observations with a three-inch telescope and a direct-action five-prism spectroscope.

ATOMS.

The illuminating power of the gas obtained from the West Bloomfield, Fredonia, and Erie wells, is about one-half that of the average city gas, being also somewhat heavier and possessed of a greater heating power.—It has recently been determined that there exists a strong under-current in the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, the current being from the Aegean into the Black Sea.—The average rate of speed on nine of the principal railroad lines terminating in London is forty-seven and three-quarter miles per hour; and one train on the Great Western runs seventy-six miles at the rate of fifty-three and one-quarter miles per hour.—At the George-Marien furnaces, in Hanover, the blast-furnace slag is rendered suitable as ballasting for railroads, etc., by allowing it to flow from a height of eight feet into a tank of water; the pebbles of slag thus formed are taken from the water by means of an endless chain of buckets, which transfer it at once to the railroad-trucks.—Dr. Angus Smith has discovered that the acid existing in the atmosphere of cities has an injurious effect upon all building-stones. The acids are brought into direct contact with the stones through the medium of the rain-water, which absorbs them from the atmosphere. These injurious acids exist in greater quantities in the atmosphere of those cities where bituminous coal is used.—The substitution of red-wood for oak in the manufacture of wine-casks is likely to fail, owing to the fact that the new wood absorbs the wine so freely as soon to become very wet and difficult to handle.—It is stated that Professor Rich, as the result of extensive investigations into the disinfecting power of various salts, when applied to animal and vegetable solids and fluids, sewage, etc., has determined that the hydrochlorate of alumina, supplemented by a small quantity of chloride of iron, is the most efficacious and generally applicable disinfectant.—Four-fifths of the shoe-production in the United States is now done by machinery.—A new method for the production of artificial stone has lately been patented at Wash-

ington. It consists of treating asbestos, either ground or in fibre, with silicate of potash, or soda; then, after pressing the mixture in moulds of the desired form, saturating the mass with chloride of calcium, either pure or mixed with chloride of magnesium, and finally washing the whole in pure water. The use of asbestos is said to possess the advantage of imparting to the stone a certain degree of elasticity, not obtained where clay or other material of similar character is employed.—

From the *Journal of the Telegraph* we learn that the greatest number of words ever sent with a Morse instrument, in one hour, is two thousand six hundred and thirty-one. A message of thirteen hundred and fifty-two words was once sent from New York to Philadelphia in thirty minutes.—Probably the oldest collection of specimens of natural history in the United States, constitutes a portion of the present cabinet of Princeton College, New Jersey. It was brought together by M. Delacoste, a French collector and naturalist, who published a catalogue of his curiosities in 1804.—A marine aquarium is to be established in San Francisco, which is to contain fifteen tanks, varying in capacity from three hundred to one thousand gallons.—It is proposed to construct Venetian blinds of colored or ground glass instead of wood, the glass to be bound round with brass to preserve it.—The Mount Diablo coal-mines, located near San Francisco, California, yield from eight to ten thousand tons per month.—The largest rolling-mill in the world is soon to be opened at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.—In China it is necessary to fence in the poppy-fields to keep out the cattle and other animals, as they soon become as fond of opium as human beings.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE Nation says the new convention recently signed between France and Germany is a notable instance of the effect of a good dinner on diplomacy. Lord Odo Russell, the English ambassador at Berlin, gave a dinner, at which the Emperor William and the Visconde de Goutaute Biron, the French ambassador, were present. The emperor took occasion to be particularly gracious to Count Biron, and the latter, watching his opportunity, expressed the hope that his majesty would favor with his presence the reception-concert to be given at the French embassy, and added that he would gladly have made it a ball in honor of the emperor, but the continued occupation of France was a barrier to such a festivity. With great cordiality the emperor expressed his desire to evacuate France before the time stipulated in the last convention, and his readiness to listen to any proposals to that effect from the French Government. A few days afterward, on March 12th, in his speech to the Reichstag, the emperor expressed a belief that he would be warranted in evacuating French territory much earlier than was at first anticipated; and on March 15th a convention to this effect was signed between the two governments, and on the evening of the same day the emperor and empress appeared at Count Biron's reception, where the former attracted the attention of the company by his marked courtesies to the ambassador and his family. Such was the effect of a diplomatic dinner well used.

The following paragraph, explaining the official relations between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, is the most significant portion of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's noble oration in honor of William Henry Seward: "It is impossible for two persons in the relations of the President and the Secretary of State to go on long together without taking a measure of their respective powers. Mr. Lincoln could not fail soon to perceive the fact that whatever estimate he might put on his own natural judgment, he had to deal with an superior in native intellectual power, in extent of acquirement, in

breadth of philosophical experience, and in the force of moral discipline. On the other hand, Mr. Seward could not have been long blind to the deficiencies of the chief in these respects, however highly he might value his integrity of purpose, his shrewd capacity, and his generous and amiable disposition. The effect of these reciprocal discoveries could scarcely have been other than to undermine confidence, and to inspire suspicion in the weaker party or danger from the influence of the stronger. He might naturally become jealous of the imputation of being led, and fearful lest the labors of his secretary might be directed to his own aggrandizement at his expense. On the other hand, Mr. Seward might not find it difficult to penetrate the character of these speculations, and foresee their probable effect in abridging his powers of usefulness, and, perhaps, unsettling the very foundation of his position, should ambitious third parties scent the opportunities to edge him out. Whether all that I have here described did or did not happen, I shall not be so bold as to say. But one thing I know, and this was, that, in order to cut up by the roots the possibility of misunderstanding from such causes, Mr. Seward deliberately came to the conclusion to stifle every sensation left in him of aspiration in the future, by establishing a distinct understanding with the President on that subject. The effect of this act of self-abnegation was soon apparent in the steady subsequent union of the parties. Thus it happened that Mr. Seward voluntarily dismissed forever the noblest dreams of an ambition he had the clearest right to indulge, in exchange for a more solid power to direct affairs for the benefit of the nation, through the name of another, who should yet appear in all later time to reap the honors due chiefly to his labors."

A writer in *Chambers's Journal*, on "Short Speeches and Court Correspondence," gives a budget of anecdotes, some of which are fresh, and others, well—otherwise. Here are the best of them: "An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands, that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked, 'What is the amount in question?' 'Two dollars,' said the plaintiff's counsel. 'I'll pay it,' said the judge, handing over the money; 'call the next case.' He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed, when they had done, 'The act is repealed.' One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying, 'Burn.' 'A poultice,' said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said, 'Better.' 'Continue the poultice.' Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said, 'Well, your fee?' 'Nothing,' quoth the great medico; 'you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!' Lord Aberdeen, the premier of the Coalition Ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea-trip, the queen smilingly observed: 'I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick!' 'Always, madam,' was the brief but significant reply. 'But,' said her majesty, 'not very sea-sick!' 'Very, madam,' said the uncompromising minister. An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The latter, passing in haste through Lyons, was hailed by the bishop with—'Hi! hi!' The duke stopped. 'Where have you come from?' inquired the prelate. 'Paris,' said the duke. 'What is there fresh in Paris?' 'Green peas.' 'But what were the people saying when you left?' 'Vespers.' 'Goodness, man,' broke out the angry questioner, 'who are you? What are you called?' 'Ignorant people call me Hi! hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure.—Drive on, postilion!' Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend, announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: 'Hélas, madame!' And, when the easily-consoled dame wrote not very long afterward soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied: 'Ho! ho! madame!'

"A Pickpocket" writes a curious letter to the *Tribune* asking it to advise all its readers

to keep their names and addresses in their pocket-books. He says: "I remember an instance where I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy a picture of a baby which I had found in the pocket-book of a gentleman which came into my hands in the way of business on the Third-avenue road. I had lost a baby myself, the year before, of the same age as this one, and I would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the *porté-monnaie*, and no way of finding out the owner, so like a fool I advertised it, and got shadowed for it by the police. Tell your readers," he continues, "to give us a fair show to be decent, and always leave their addresses in their pocket-books. We want to live and let live." Here is a humane and gentlemanly thief, who evidently "draws the line" of wickedness at—destroying photographs.

Professor Agassiz, as is well known, holds that the different races of men are specifically distinct. In a recent lecture, he says: "I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the bony and nervous systems of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are alike in no particular. There is no bone in the negro's body which is relatively the same size, shape, articulation, or chemically of the same composition, as that of the white man. Even the negro's blood is chemically a very different fluid from that which courses in the veins of the white man. The whole physical organization of the negro differs quite as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee—that is, in his bones, muscles, nerves, and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much further to progress in order to become a white man." Here, then, is the "missing link" of the evolution theory.

The Challenger, which left England, recently, on a dredging expedition, appears to be picking up some very curious specimens from the bottom of the Atlantic. It has dredged up creatures almost entirely composed of eyes, in which the body is a mere appendage to the eyes; and another, a crustacean, in which the eyes, if it ever had any, have taken leave of the body, and the animal is totally blind, but furnished with most delicate claws, by which it feels its way about. These latter probably are sightless, for the same reason as the fishes in the Mammoth Cave—there can be little use for eyes at the bottom of the ocean.

The sensation of the day, in Paris, is some "Secret Memoirs of Napoleon III.," now publishing in the *Figaro*, and supposed to have been written by Napoleon during his exile at Chislehurst. They are conceded to be authentic, and they go far toward relieving the emperor from much of the odium in which France's fatal overthrow involved him.

Robert Browning has his new poem, the title of which is not yet announced, nearly ready for the press, in England. It contains four thousand lines—enough to keep his admirers at guess-work for a year or so to come, but a trifle compared with "The Ring and the Book."

One of the most remarkable literary partnerships on record is that between "Mark Twain" and Charles Dudley Warner. For a year or more past they have been jointly engaged on a novel, the publication of which is likely to be the event of the coming season. Its title is "The Gilded Age."

M. Grévy, late President of the French Assembly, declares his intention, now that the liberation of French territory is assured, to take his place among the Republicans, and resist the attempt of the Right "to juggle away" the republic.

Swinburne is contributing a series of political sonnets to the London *Examiner*, dealing chiefly with incidents in the history of the Papacy and the French Empire during the past twelve or fourteen years.

A dowry of forty thousand dollars, good expectations, and "a very old and sick father," are among the recommendations of a "young lady of good family" advertising for a husband in a Continental newspaper.

It is remarked as a curious coincidence, in view of Lord Lytton's burying-place, that five

times in the last four leaves of his last novel, "Kenelm Chillingly," occur the words "Victory or Westminster Abbey!"

At the third annual congress of German musicians, shortly to be held at Leipzig, the system of instruction at present adopted in the Continental music-schools will be discussed, with a view to its reform.

The Comte de Segur, whose death we announced recently, left behind him eight volumes of memoirs, which contain many interesting facts concerning the First Empire, the Restoration, and the monarchy of July.

Under the new treaty just signed, the Germans are to receive the last instalment of their indemnity before September, and will evacuate French territory in the first days of that month.

The veritable "last of the Mohicans" has just died at Willimantic, Conn. His name was Lenon Uncas, and he was seventy years old.

The old homestead in Salem, Massachusetts, in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, is advertised to be sold.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

APRIL 18.—Death, at Vallejo, Cal., of Commodore Watson, of the United States Navy.

General Pieltain assumes the captain-generalship of Cuba. Spanish volunteers at Malaga rebel, but the leaders are arrested, and order is restored.

APRIL 19.—General Primo Rivera assumes the captain-generalship of Porto Rico.

APRIL 20.—The entire destruction of San Salvador confirmed, but only fifty lives reported lost. Also advices of the partial destruction of Sopopango, Ilapango, San Tomas, and Santa Teca, by the same earthquake. Reported defeat of Cuban insurgents under Caixito Garcia, on the 15th instant.

The Shah of Persia leaves Teheran for a European tour. A plot of Mohammedans in Bosnia, Turkey, to massacre the Christians, discovered and thwarted.

APRIL 21.—Dispatch of an Atcheen victory over the Dutch, and retreat of the latter to the shore; losses heavy on both sides. Riot in Frankfort, Germany, owing to a rise in the price of beer; twelve persons killed and forty wounded, sixteen breweries destroyed; one hundred and twenty rioters arrested, and order restored by the military. Carlists attack the Alcaldes of Figueras, but are repulsed. Federal republicans in Barcelona make requisitions on wealthy citizens. Dispatch of the execution at Constantine, Algiers, of four insurgent Arab chiefs.

Penikese Island, near New Bedford, deeded by John Anderson, of New York, to Professor Agassiz, as a site for a natural-history school.

APRIL 22.—Intelligence of the crushing to death of seven persons by the falling of a floor at Belleville, Kansas, 14th instant.

Advices of the surrender of two bands of Apaches to General Crook at Camp Verde, Arizona, on the 6th instant, and that the Apaches sue for peace. A portion of the Modocs reported still in the Lava Beds, General Gillem and Warm Spring Indians on their trail; seventeen Modocs reported killed and as many wounded in the three days' fight.

APRIL 23.—Dispatch of the recall of the Dutch expedition against the Atcheens to Padang; losses during the campaign, seven officers and thirty-eight men killed, and thirty-five officers and three hundred and eighty-three men wounded.

General Velarde resigns the captain-generalship of Catalonia, and General Pavia that of Madrid.

Intelligence of the death by drowning, on the 15th instant, of Frederick Doca, American consul at Manzanillo, Cuba.

Intelligence of a severe wind and snow-storm in Nebraska; many lives reported lost. The Earl De La Warr, a distinguished

major-general in the British Army, commits suicide, drowning himself in the river Cam.

Dispatch that the Modocs had fired on an army-train, escort, and camp, but were speedily repulsed. Four hundred Cheyennes and Osage Indians reported on the war-path in Kansas.

APRIL 24.—Dispatch, contradicting the report of the murder of Sir Samuel Baker and his wife in Central Africa.

Disorders at Madrid, owing to differences between the government and the Permanent Commission of the Assembly, caused by President Figueras temporarily resigning his powers on account of the death of his wife, and the appointing of Pi y Margall to act in his stead. Volunteers take up arms to defend the commission, but are threatened with artillery, and surrender. Marshal Serrano attempts a *coup d'état*, but fails. The ministry force the Permanent Commission to dissolve.

APRIL 25.—Dispatch of a strike of twenty thousand coal-miners in Leicestershire, England.

Dispatch that Señor Castelar and his colleagues order the enrolment in the army of men twenty years old throughout Spain.

Advices of conflicts and preparations for war in Sonora, Sinaloa, Oaxaca, and Chihuahua, Mexico.

Reported capture of a government supply-train by Indians on Cole Creek, Texas, and the murder of four attendants.

APRIL 26.—Reports of threatening aspect of affairs in Madrid. Rumor that the commune had been proclaimed, and that the troops had revolted.

Notices.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray St., N. Y.

TO INVESTORS.—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOKE & CO.

APPLETONS' EUROPEAN GUIDE
Book. Illustrated. Part I., including England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland. Part II., including Switzerland, Northern and Southern Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. To each part is appended a Vocabulary of Travel, in the language of the several countries. Sixth edition, for 1873. Published in two separate volumes, or in one volume complete. In morocco, gilt. Price, \$6.50. D. APPLETON & CO., N. Y.

SUMMER TRAVEL. New edition of Appleton's Hand-Book of American Travel. *Eastern Tour*. Revised and corrected to the present date. This volume forms a complete guide to all places in the Middle and Eastern States, and the British Provinces. Full information in regard to all places of summer resort. With Maps. In cloth, flexible. Price, \$2.00. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

WESTERN TRAVEL. Appleton's Hand-Book of American Travel. *Western Tour*. A complete guide to all places on Western routes of travel between the Atlantic and the Pacific, including the Yosemite, and all places of resort on the Pacific slope; the Great Lakes, the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers; full description of all Western cities and railroad routes; with maps. Cloth, flexible. Price, \$2.00. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. H. B. TAYLOR, Putnam, Ohio, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine fourteen years without repairs. In two weeks she earned with it \$40, besides doing her own housework; has stitched eighty yards in less than two hours. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.